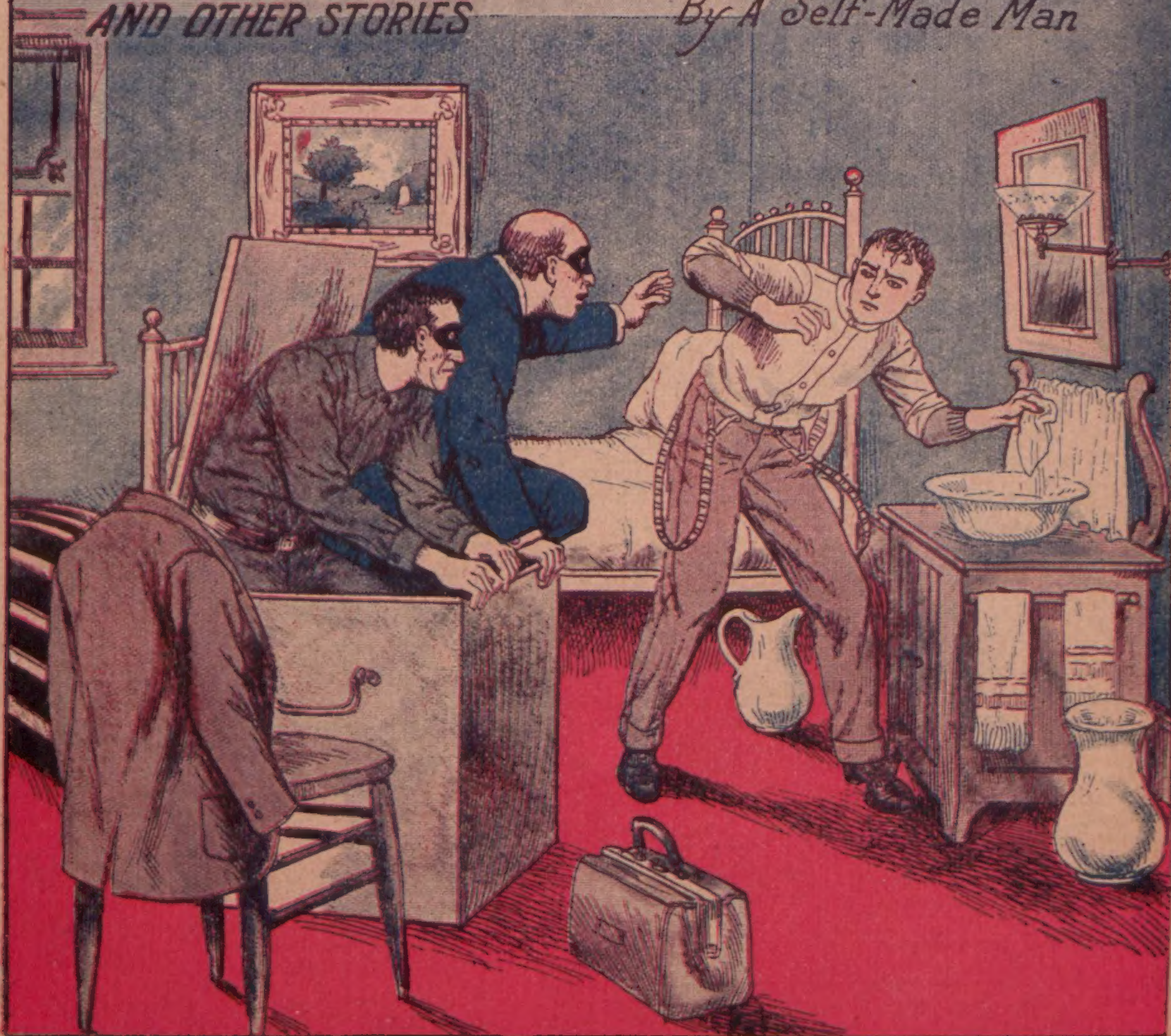


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A BORN SALESMAN
OR A YOUNG MONEY MAKER ON THE ROAD
AND OTHER STORIES *By A Self-Made Man*



Hearing a creaking sound, Andy stopped washing his face, and looked around. The lid of the big packing box had risen. Two masked men, who had been hidden inside, scrambled out. The young salesman was terribly startled and recoiled.

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A BORN SALESMAN

Or, A YOUNG MONEY MAKER ON THE ROAD

BY A SELF-MADE MA

CHAPTER I.—The Would-Be Boy Salesman.

"Since when have you been a salesman, young man?" asked Meyer Klugfels, senior partner of Klugfels, Klinder & Co., wholesale dealers in jewelry, silverware, etc., at No. — John street, New York City, addressing a good-looking lad who had called upon him with a letter of introduction from one of the buyers of a big uptown department store.

"I haven't been a salesman yet, but I'm looking for a chance to learn the business," replied Andy Briggs politely.

"You are looking for a chance to learn the business?" said Mr. Klugfels sharply. "And Louis Goldsmith sent you here that we should teach you how to sell goods. I wonder what he thinks we are—a kindergarten, that we make salesmen out of the raw material? A feller which he expects to sell goods, understand me, should not have to be told how to go about it. That is the kind of salesmen we hire here when we want one, which at present there is no opening."

"Then there is no chance for me at all?" said Andy, a bit crestfallen over the blunt way Mr. Klugfels spoke to him.

"If there was a chance it should be for a feller who understands his business already yet. Did Mr. Goldsmith told you that we took boys here, which they are not relations of the firm, understand me, and right away make of them salesmen?"

"No, he didn't tell me any such thing, but he said that he thought as he bought a lot of goods from your house that you would be glad to do him a small favor in return," replied Andy.

"Well, suppose he does buy from us a bill of goods once in a while, which he makes it his business to see that we knock off all our profit before he puts his name to the order, is that a reason that we should took over from him a greenhorn which he shall be of no use to us?" asked Mr. Klugfels, with a frown.

"Well, there isn't any harm done by my calling, sir. If you can't make any use of me, I don't expect you to take me."

"I am not finding any fault with you that you call, understand me. If a feller wants a job he will not found it unless he looks for it. Since you are stuck on being a salesman, then I recommend that you see Mr. Weinberg, which he has a store down the block, two flights up, on the other side of the way. He is not particular that a feller should be a salesman so long as he

can pay for a line of goods which he is ready to take out on his own hook."

As Andy had no great amount of capital, he was not particularly impressed with the idea of calling on Mr. Weinberg. Still, as he had nothing else to do that morning, he thought he might as well drop in and see Weinberg. So he bade Mr. Klugfels good-day and passed out into the street. He had no difficulty in finding Weinberg's place of business. The sign read:

"Adolf Weinberg, Wholesale Dealer in Novelties."

A pasteboard card marked, "Salesmen Wanted," was tacked underneath. Andy marched upstairs to the third landing, where he saw a tin sign on the nearest door, with Weinberg's name on it. He opened the door and walked in. Mr. Weinberg, in his shirt sleeves, was waiting on a customer. The customer was a local dealer from the Bronx, and he was buying three, six and twelve articles of such varieties as he wanted for his small store.

"What can I do for you?" asked Weinberg, as soon as he was at leisure.

"Mr. Klugfels, of Klugfels, Klinder & Co., told me to come around and see you. He said maybe you would give me a chance to learn the salesman business," said Andy.

Weinberg looked at the boy sharply.

"I don't know Klugfels, except as head of a large wholesale place up the street. Why did he send you to me?"

"I guess he thought it was the easiest way to get rid of me."

"Get rid of you?"

"Yes. A buyer of a large department store on Sixth avenue sent me to him with a note asking him to put me in the way of learning to be a salesman. Mr. Klugfels didn't care to undertake the job, so he told me I'd better call on you. He said you were not particular as to whether a person was experienced or not, as long as he had some money, and could pay for a small line of goods," said Andy.

"He said that, eh?" said Weinberg, with a frown.

"Yes."

"Well, he had no business to say it. What good would it do for a person who had no experience as a salesman to take out a line of goods? If he didn't know how to sell them, how would he get rid of them?"

"Well, I didn't know that salesmen were born ready-made. I thought they had to learn the business, same as a person has to learn a trade."

"So they do, but to begin with, they must be

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specially fitted for the occupation. The knack must be born in them. If a man is not adapted to sell goods, he will only waste his time trying to do it."

"Mr. Goldsmith said he believed I was a born salesman."

"Who is Mr. Goldsmith?"

"The buyer of the department store who sent me to see Mr. Klugfels."

"He said you was a born salesman?"

"He said I had many of the qualities that go to make up a star salesman."

"He is a good judge, is he?"

"He ought to be. He is dealing with salesmen all the time."

"Why didn't Mr. Klugfels give you a chance, then? His firm uses a good many salesmen."

"He said his place wasn't a kindergarten for salesmen."

Weinberg grinned.

"Do you think you can sell goods?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Got any money?"

"None to spare."

"Then I can't do anything for you. Go and borrow \$15 or \$20, and I'll talk to you about sending you on the road."

"What's the matter with hiring me to help you around this place? I'll work cheap," said Andy.

"I've got a boy. I sent him out just before you came."

There was nothing for Andy to do but take his leave."

CHAPTER II.—Andy Saves a Gentleman.

"I wonder how soon I'll be able to strike a job of some kind, and how long it will take me to save \$20?" thought Andy, as he walked up John street.

At the corner of Nassau street a crowd was gathered around a man who had been taken with a fit. Andy was about to join the crowd when he saw a smooth-faced young man, of very genteel appearance, lift the tail of a stout gentleman's coat and extract a red wallet from his hip pocket. The audacity of the theft almost staggered the boy, who was not familiar with the fact that thousands of enterprising individuals make a living in New York City by just such risky and dishonest games. In another moment he saw the thief deftly pass the wallet to a respectable-looking old man, whose eyes were hidden behind a pair of green goggles.

The light-fingered crook then coolly proceeded to steal the gold watch of another man on the fringe of the crowd. The old man with the goggles got the watch, too. Then a policeman, attracted by the crowd, came up and the thief and his accomplice started to walk leisurely away. Andy rushed up to the officer and hurriedly told him what he had seen, pointing out the two men who had been robbed.

"Where are the thieves?" asked the cop.

"Walking toward Broadway," said Andy. "I'll keep them in sight if you want me to while you speak to the two men."

"Do so," said the officer, and watch for me. I'll be right after you as soon as I satisfy myself the men have been robbed."

Andy started after the crooks and soon caught

sight of them. He was rapidly nearing them when they left the sidewalk and descended the stairs that led to a cheap restaurant. The boy followed them down and saw them seat themselves at a table. A waiter stepped over and they gave him an order for something, which proved to be two cups of coffee and two plates of doughnuts. After a cautious glance around, the man with the goggles produced the red wallet, opened it and taking out a fat wad of bills, proceeded to count them.

Andy had seated himself at a table, and when the waiter came up he ordered coffee and doughnuts, too. While the waiter was getting the order the boy suddenly ran up to the sidewalk and looked for the policeman. He saw him coming rapidly along, accompanied by the men who had been robbed. Andy stepped forward and showed himself.

"Oh, there you are!" said the cop. "Where are those rascals?"

"Down in that restaurant, at a table eating doughnuts and coffee. One of the men is well dressed and has a smooth face, and the other is an old man with goggles. He is the chap who received the goods. I'll run down first and you can follow me."

When Andy reappeared in the restaurant the waiter was looking for him with the coffee and plate of doughnuts in his hands.

"Put them down," said the boy.

Then he saw a sudden movement on the part of the two crooks. The man with the goggles, who was facing the entrance, saw the policeman coming down the steps, followed by the victims of the robbery. He said something to his companions and Andy saw him pull out his watch and drop it, with the red wallet, under the table before him.

"Come here," said the policeman to Andy.

The boy got up and followed him.

"Are those the men who are implicated in the two thefts?" said the cop, pausing before the table where the two crooks sat.

"That is the man who did the stealing," said Andy, pointing at the well-dressed and smoothly shaven individual. "The other man took the goods from the thief."

Both crooks put up an indignant protest.

"Stand up and I'll see if you've got the goods on you," said the policeman.

The rascal stood up willingly enough and permitted the officer to search him. Andy said nothing while the policeman went through the clothes of the crook, in vain.

"You see, you are mistaken," said the man in the green goggles.

The officer was much disconcerted over the result, and he looked at Andy.

"That chap dropped the watch and wallet under the table behind him," said the boy.

The policeman looked under the table and saw the articles.

"Pick them up," he said to the boy.

The crooks, seeing that the game was up, made a sudden effort to escape, but the officer headed them off. The policeman had hold of each crook by the arm.

"You'll come to the station-house, both of you," he said.

The rascals sullenly resigned themselves to

their fate, and cast a look at Andy that boded him no good. The entire party proceeded to the police station, where the rascals were lined up at the desk and charged with being pickpockets. Their pedigrees were taken and then they were locked up. The police kept the stolen articles, to be produced as evidence against the prisoners. The names and addresses of Andy and the men who had been robbed were taken by the officer at the desk, and they were told to appear against the prisoner at the Tombs police court the following morning. Outside, the two victims thanked Andy for his services in detecting and causing the arrest of the rascals, and said they would meet him at the court. Then the three separated. Andy's adventures, however, were not over for the day. When he reached the corner of Ann street and Park Row he started to cross to the post office. At the same moment a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman started from the walk in front of the post office, directly toward him. As the gentleman stepped into the center of one of the several street railway tracks a car came swinging in a curve toward him and he would have been knocked down and run over but for rapid action on Andy's part. The boy saw his danger, jumped forward, grabbed him in his arms around the waist and swung him clear of the danger, but without much margin to spare. The gentleman was badly rattled by his narrow escape, and suffered Andy to lead him over to the Park Row sidewalk, where he recovered his self-possession.

"Thanks, my lad. I am under deep obligations to you. I believe you saved my life," said the gentleman, grasping the boy warmly by the hand.

"You're welcome, sir."

"What is your name, my lad?"

Andy told him.

"Where do you live?"

"Mills House, sir."

The gentleman seemed surprised.

"Haven't you any parents?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing for a living?"

"Nothing at present, sir. I am looking for work."

"Here is my business card. Call at my office to-morrow, any time, and I will see what I can do for you," said the gentleman.

Andy looked at the card, which ran as follows:

"John B. Dexter, dealer in watches, jewelry and silverware, Manufacturer of novelties in gold, silver, aluminum and plated ware. No. — Maiden Lane, New York."

"Thank you, sir," replied Andy. "I will call."

"Ask for me when you enter the store and you will be shown into my private office."

Mr. Dexter thanked him once more for his service to him and bade him good-by. When Andy reached the Mills Hotel he went down in the big restaurant in the basement and had his supper; then he went up to the reading-room and spent the evening there.

CHAPTER III.—Andy Gets a Good Job.

At ten o'clock next morning Andy walked into the Tombs police court and found the two men who had been robbed already there. They recog-

nized him and shook hands with him. In a few minutes the pickpocket case was called. A lawyer was on hand to look after the interests of the prisoners. He asked each of the men if they were willing to swear that the prisoners were the parties who had taken their property. The men could not swear to the fact. Then Andy was put in the chair. He was really the only witness against the accused. He stated what he had seen. The lawyer tried to tangle him up, but without success.

"You say you followed these men into a cellar restaurant?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied Andy.

"You are sure the men you followed were the same you allege as being connected with the theft?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that person in court now?"

"I do."

"Point him out."

Andy indicated the receiver of the stolen goods, though he no longer wore the green goggles.

"You swear that is the man?"

"Positively."

He asked Andy other questions in browbeating way, but was not able to shake the boy's testimony in the least. The policeman who made the arrest went on the stand, and swore that he saw the boy pick the stolen articles up from under the table.

"Did you see them there before he picked them up?" asked the lawyer.

"I did," replied the officer promptly.

The lawyer looked disappointed. He had anticipated charging Andy with putting them there before picking them up, which would have been a point in favor of the prisoners. In the end the magistrate held the crooks for the grand jury. Andy was then permitted to leave the court with the two men.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," said the boy, as they were descending the wide steps facing on Center street.

The man handed Andy his business card and asked him to call on him. Andy took the card and assured him he would not fail to keep in touch with him.

"Are you in the jewelry business, too, Mr. Preston?" he said, noticing that the card read, "Walter Preston, watches and jewelry, No. — John street."

"Yes," replied the gentleman, with a smile. "But what do you mean by am I in the business, too?"

"Because I have made the acquaintance of several persons in your business since yesterday, who have places of business in John street, and one in Maiden Lane. I am going to call on the latter right away. His name is John B. Dexter, and I think he means to put me in the way of a situation."

"I am acquainted with Mr. John B. Dexter, of No. — Maiden Lane, if that is the person you refer to."

"Yes, that is the gentleman," replied Andy.

"If he promised to do something for you, depend on it he will, for he is a man of his word. If he finds himself unable to place you at once, call and see me and maybe I'll be able to help you out."

"Thank you, sir. I need a job badly at present."

"Come around and see me, anyway, after you call on Mr. Dexter."

"I will."

The three walked as far as Duane street together, and there the man who lost his wallet parted from Andy and Preston. The boy and the John street jeweler then walked on down past the Brooklyn Bridge entrance into Nassau street, and so on to John street. There Preston shook hands with Andy and turned down the street, while the boy continued on to Maiden Lane, one block farther on. It was about half-past eleven when Andy walked into the store of John B. Dexter and inquired for that gentleman.

"Follow me," said the clerk, starting for the back of the store.

Andy was shown into the private office, and Mr. Dexter greeted him cordially. The boy told him he had just come from the Tombs court, where he had testified against a couple of pick-pockets. He described the incident of the previous afternoon, and how he was the cause of the capture of the crooks. The merchant congratulated him on having rendered the public a service.

"Now, you said you were looking for a situation," he went on. "What do you think you are best adapted for?"

Andy immediately told him of his ambition to become a salesman.

"Mr. Goldsmith thinks I would make a good one, and I believe, myself, I could do better at it than anything else, for I feel I should take a great interest in selling goods to different merchants," said the boy.

"But one cannot be a salesman all at once," said Mr. Dexter. "The salesman I have on the road have all graduated from the store, after serving several years waiting on my city trade."

Andy admitted that to become a success as a drummer it was necessary to have some preliminary training. Mr. Dexter had quite a long talk with Andy. He sympathized with Andy's ambition to become a salesman, and if he found the boy really was adapted to that business, he guessed he could help him realize his desires. So he called his head store-salesman and turned Andy over to him.

"He wants to learn to sell goods," said Mr. Dexter. "Make him acquainted with our prices in the silverware department and give him a fair try-out. If you think he has the qualities that make a successful salesman, let me know and I will put him in our novelty department, with the view to his ultimately becoming a drummer for our line."

Thus Andy secured a job that was very satisfactory to him.

CHAPTER IV.—Andy Makes a Ten-Strike.

Andy went to work at once. His hours were from eight till half-past five, with half an hour for lunch. He was taken in hand by a clerk in the silver and plated ware department, and was made acquainted with the prices and other inside information connected with that line of goods. The watch and jewelry departments were presided over by clerks of long experience in the

store. As soon as possible Andy notified Walter Preston that Mr. Dexter had hired him to work in his store, and that he expected to move from the Mills Hotel to a boarding house on 39th street off Broadway. In the course of a week Andy was perfectly familiar with his new line of duty and he helped the two clerks of his department wait on customers. An old and valued customer of the store, a Southern buyer, came in one day to look around and make some purchases. The head salesman always took him in hand, but happened to be out at lunch at the time, the other salesmen were engaged, and so it fell to Andy to attend to him. This customer had his peculiarities and always had to be handled with gloves.

"I want to see Mr. Allen," said the customer, whose name was Breckinridge, to Andy, who stepped forward when he came in.

The visitor spoke dictatorially, as if he owned the store.

"Mr. Allen is out at lunch," replied the boy politely.

"Out at lunch! What right has he to be at lunch when I call?" he snapped.

"Had he known you were coming, he would have waited for you."

"How soon will he be back?" snorted Breckinridge, glaring at Andy.

"Not for probably twenty minutes, sir."

"And have I got to cool my heels in here for twenty minutes waiting for him?" roared the customer. "I think I see myself doing it. I shall carry my order to Davis & Co., down the street. I dare say their stock is much superior to what you have here, anyway."

"Perhaps you'll let me show you the samples of a lot of new goods which have just come in, sir?" Andy said eagerly.

"Let you show me!" snorted Breckinridge. "I don't permit anybody to wait on me but Allen. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I think you are quite right, sir. I'm only a boy and a new salesman, anyway. I am sure that your judgment is so superior to mine that I couldn't explain anything you are not already familiar with," replied Andy, with a cheerful smile.

The compliment and the smile fairly caught the cranky customer. His face suddenly lost its grouchy expression.

"Young man, how long have you been working here?" he asked.

"About two weeks, sir."

"Learning to be a salesman, are you?"

"That is my ambition, sir. My prospects will depend largely on how well I make out in the store. If I am able to sell to customers in this department then I will get the chance to go on the road."

"That is what you are aiming for, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Now while you are waiting for Mr. Allen, I think I can pass the time pleasantly for you by showing you our latest samples. If you fancy any of them, why you can afterward talk them over with Mr. Allen. Just consider me as an exhibitor merely. I won't try to sell you anything, because I know you will deal only with Mr. Allen."

"Humph! Show me these new samples you speak of. I dare say I shall find them very inferior goods. Allen is forever trying to stick me

with something I don't want, so don't you try that game, young man."

Andy took him to the showcases where the latest samples were on view. He took down the first article and handed it to Mr. Breckinridge. The buyer looked it over carefully, while Andy pointed out its best points. To say the truth, Breckinridge was quite taken with it, but for all that he found a dozen faults with it. Suddenly he stopped his kicking and looked at Andy.

"I thought you were trying to be a salesman," he said.

"I am, sir, but as you are Mr. Allen's customer I told you I wouldn't try to sell you anything. I simply want to show you our new stock and get your opinion of the samples."

"I'm not going to wait for Allen. If he thinks I am his customer, he's much mistaken. I'd rather buy from somebody else. In fact, I intend to buy from you this time, young man. I think I can get along better with you. You heard what I said about this sample, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then point out where I'm wrong."

"You're not wrong, sir. You have really been pointing out new beauties in the article."

"I have?" fairly gasped the buyer.

"Yes, sir, and when I state the price I think you'll say they couldn't be duplicated anywhere else for the value."

"What is the price? I shall want three dozen." Andy mentioned it.

"Too high altogether!" roared Breckinridge.

Andy proceeded to show him that the price was not really high. Breckinridge knew that John B. Dexter had only one price, and that it always was a fair one, so after growling and hawing he told Andy to put him down for four dozen. At the end of half an hour Allen came in and was staggered to see the crank in Andy's hands. Allen, fearful that the new boy would queer their peculiar customer, rushed up.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Breckinridge! Delighted to see you back in town. Sorry I was out when you came in, but I'll look after you now," he said, in his suavest tones and most genial manner.

"You will!" almost shouted the buyer, with a strong accent on the you. "I don't believe you will. I am very well suited with this boy. He knows how to sell goods. Do you understand? I've bought a part of my bill from him already, and if I'm to buy any more, he sells them to me. If you butt in, I stop right here and I'll finish my purchases at Davis & Co. Do you understand?"

"Certainly, sir. If you prefer this young man to wait on you, why, I won't interfere. The whole store is at your service whenever you call, Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Dexter's orders are that you are to suit yourself in any way you choose."

"Huh! then give Mr. Dexter my compliments, when he comes in, and say that I choose to buy of this young man in the future. In the future, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I am glad he is able to suit you, sir."

The customer turned his back on the head salesman and gave his attention to Andy, who, in the course of another half hour, parted with him and turned in a bill to the office that made even Allen sit up and take notice. When Mr. Dexter heard

the particulars and saw the order, he sent out for Andy.

"How did you do it, Andy?" asked the boss.

Andy shrugged his shoulders.

"I couldn't tell you, sir. I just seemed to know how to take him. After we got started I had no trouble with him at all. I wouldn't ask for an easier buyer."

Perhaps part of the secret lay with Breckinridge himself. He left the store, chuckling audibly.

"I guess I've taken Allen down a peg or two," he laughed to himself. "Thought he was the only one who could sell me goods. I guess he doesn't think so now. I've taken the conceit out of him. That young Briggs is a fine boy, all right. I like him, and when I like a person I'll do a lot for him. I've given him a boost at the store. Dexter is bound to take notice of him now. Well, he's a born salesman, anyhow, and is sure to make his mark in time. I'm glad if I have helped to make his road to the top easier."

Then he hailed a Broadway car and rode uptown.

CHAPTER V.—Andy Meets Jack Brag.

When Andy left the store that afternoon a man stepped up to him.

"Your name is Andy Briggs, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," replied the boy, regarding the stranger with some curiosity.

"I want to talk with you."

"What have you got to say to me?" asked Andy. "I don't know you."

"I know you don't. I want to see you about that pickpocket case in which you are the chief witness."

"What about it?"

"You'd like to make \$100, wouldn't you?"

"How?" asked Andy cautiously.

"You haven't got any particular interest in convicting those men of theft, have you? They are strangers to you, and both have large families of small children who would be thrown on the street, penniless and starving, if they were sent up. Now, for the sake of their wives and families you ought to let up on them. We've raised \$100 to give you as a further inducement. Take the money, and when you go before the grand jury give your testimony in such a way as to cast a doubt on the fact that the prisoners are really the parties you saw pinch the property from the two men."

"I couldn't do that," replied Andy, shaking his head. "I couldn't go back on what I stated in the police court. A court stenographer took down my words, and to do as you say I'd have to make myself out a liar."

"Not at all," said the man suavely. "You could have a lapse of memory. It may be two months before you are called before the grand jury. By that time you could easily forget a good many things."

"No," said Andy, shaking his head, "I'm not likely to forget what I saw those men do. I wouldn't tell anything but the truth."

"What would you gain by doing so? Nothing. Now, I offer \$100 for you to reconsider your tes-

timony. A hundred dollars will give you a good time."

"You'd better save the money and give it to the wives of the men, in case they are convicted."

"Then you won't accept my offer?"

"No. I couldn't do it without getting into trouble, and I wouldn't do it, anyway."

Seeing that he couldn't do anything with the boy, the man walked away. That evening, after dinner at the boarding house where Andy was now stopping, a woman called and asked to see him. She was shown into the parlor and Andy was notified by the upstairs girl. The caller introduced herself as the wife of the pickpocket, and in a tearful way proceeded to appeal to Andy's sympathies. She begged him to have pity on her and her children. The boy said he was very sorry for her and her family, if her story was true, but he didn't see that he could do anything to help her husband out of his fix. The woman did her best to move him, but had to give the matter up and go away, disappointed.

Next day Andy was sent up to the novelty department to make himself familiar with the dozens of articles in gold, silver, aluminum and plated ware that Dexter manufactured from designs made especially for his trade. The novelty trade was a very profitable part of Mr. Dexter's business, and he kept several drummers on the road all the time, pushing it. Andy was enthusiastically eager to go out with the goods, and he assured his boss that if he didn't make good it wouldn't be his fault. For a month he devoted his energies to learning all about the novelty line and the prices of the different articles. Finally a sample case, not too large or too heavy for him to carry around easily, was prepared for him. A few days before his route was ready for him he made the acquaintance of a well-dressed, sharp-looking young fellow, a couple of years his senior, at the restaurant he patronized. This chap, who said his name was Jack Brag, was the smoothest talker Andy had ever run across. He was a kind of general salesman and worked for no house in particular. During their conversation, Andy learned from him that he had just returned from a tour of the country towns up-State, where he had been selling some of Weinberg's bankrupt and second-hand goods. He had done so well that Weinberg wanted to keep him on steady, but after disposing of a part of a second consignment, certain complaints made against his methods to the constables caused him to dispose of the balance of his stock to a dealer and make tracks for New York. He laid the blame on Weinberg, called the novelty dealer a crook, and told Andy he was through with him. Andy wanted to know why he called Weinberg a crook.

"Well, I call any man who buys goods that he knows are stolen ones, because he can get them cheap, a crook," said Brag.

Then Brag asked Andy what he was doing to make a living. Andy told him, and added that he was going out on the road in a few days with a case of samples, a part of which were made of gold and silver, and represented a valuable line of goods. Jack Brag cocked up his ears at the information, and asked him where he was going.

"I haven't got my route yet," replied Andy.

"I'm going out myself," said Brag glibly. "It

would be funny if we were to start out together."

"Who are you going out for this time?"

"Sampson & Gridley, of No. — John street," answered Brag.

As a matter of fact, Brag was lying, for he was not going on the road for anybody, but a suddenly conceived purpose suggested his statement.

"As you are new at the business," he went on, in a confidential tone, "I could put you wise to many kinks of the trade that would be valuable for you. I always like to help a brother salesman. We drummers always lend a hand to one another, except when we are rivals for the same business, and then it's every fellow for himself. I'll meet you here to-morrow at this time and we'll have another talk. I may be able to give you a line on my route to-morrow, as I'm going to see Mr. Sampson about it this afternoon."

Brag got up, took Andy's check, and said he would settle it with his own, which he did, and they parted on good terms outside. Andy thought Jack Brag was a very clever sort of chap. He certainly was, but his cleverness ran in a wrong channel, as Andy found out later. It was several days before Andy's route was made known to him, and he was told to prepare to leave the city on the following Monday. Every day he met Brag at the restaurant, but didn't learn that young man's route, as the slick salesman said his firm was as yet undecided about it.

"I've got my route at last," said Andy, on Friday, when they met again.

"Have you?" said Brag eagerly. "Well, where are you going?"

"I start in at Pittsburgh and work west."

"Then you leave here over the Pennsylvania?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Monday morning."

"Good!" said Brag. "I leave by the Penn myself Monday. We'll travel together as far as Altoona. That's where I start in."

On Saturday, Andy called on Walter Penrose to notify him that he was going on a trip for his firm, and he was unable to say when he would be back. Penrose told him that he'd have to take him up to see the district attorney. They called on that official at once, and after some argument it was arranged that Andy's testimony should be taken down in the form of an affidavit, which he was to sign and swear to. He was turned over to one of the office assistants and the matter fixed up so he would be at liberty to leave the city for his employer as arranged. Jack Bragg appeared at his boarding house that evening and invited him to go to a show. Andy agreed to go, but insisted on paying his own way. Before they parted, Brag found out what train he was going to take, and said he would meet him at the Cortlandt street ferry in time to connect with the same train. Andy settled with his landlady up to Monday morning and told her that a transfer company's man would call for his trunk to take it to the store. He packed a suitcase he bought with all he figured he would need to take with him, and on Monday morning he carried it with him on his last visit to the store, where he was to receive his final instructions, and get his sample case.

CHAPTER VI.—Andy Bests Brag.

When Andy reached the Cortlandt street ferry he found Jack Brag waiting for him with a well-worn grip in his hand. They passed into the ferry-house together and walked on board the waiting boat. In a short time they were across the river and passing through the waiting-room of the station toward the door that opened into the train shed. Their train was waiting on Track 18, and they boarded one of the cars. In due time the train started on its way. It was an express that made only two or three stops between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Andy had never done any traveling before, except from his native village to New York, and he was more interested in looking out of the window at the flying landscape than listening to his companion's talk. Brag finally got tired talking and went forward to the smoker, where he remained until the train approached the City of Brotherly Love. It was close on to one when the train rolled into the depot. Andy, holding on to his sample case, went with Brag to the restaurant to get a quick lunch. In due time the train went on again. The run was made to Lancaster on schedule time, and just as the train slowed up Andy went forward in the car to get a drink of water. When he got back to his seat Jack Brag was missing. Andy was staggered to discover that his case of samples was also missing, though Brag's rusty-looking grip stood where its owner had originally placed it.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Andy, "what has become of my sample case?"

He immediately suspected that somebody had stolen it the moment Brag left his seat. As the train was coming to a standstill he threw up the window and looked out. He saw Brag jumping off the rear platform with his sample case in his hand. Then he boarded another train. Andy dashed out of the car, crossed the platform on the run and sprang aboard the other train just as it started. At the same moment the express pulled out on its way also. Andy walked through the car he had seen Brag board and looked at the passengers as he passed, but the slick salesman was not to be seen. Andy went into the next car and failed to find Brag there, either. He passed through the third car, with like result. There was only one more, and that was the smoker. Andy entered that, and halfway up the car he spied Brag seated by himself, with his hat tilted back and a cigar in his mouth. The conductor was coming along, punching the tickets. Andy sat down and saw Brag hand the conductor a bill, receive some change and a train check. The boy salesman guessed he was only going as far as the first station the train would stop at. He decided to buy a passage as far as the same himself. When the conductor approached him he inquired the name of the place where the train made its first stop.

"Dillerville," replied the conductor. "We'll be there in a few minutes."

Andy had a 1,000-mile ticket book and paid his fare in that way. Fully satisfied that Brag would get off at the next station, Andy decided not to make a scene in the car by tackling him there, but to wait till he got out and follow him. At

that moment Brag got up and went ahead to get a drink. As he did so, the locomotive whistled for Dillerville. Andy saw the chance to get hold of his property by quick action while Brag's back was turned. He got up, glided to the seat just vacated by the over-smart Brag, saw his case lying on it, snatched it up and started rapidly for the door. He reached it and passed out on the platform before Brag had finished drinking. As the train began slowing down, he jumped off, taking somewhat of a risk. As luck would have it, a train bound for Lancaster was standing on the other track. Andy cut across in front of the locomotive and jumped on the smoker just as the train started. He paid the conductor his fare back to Lancaster, and during the short run he occupied his time looking out of the window. On reaching Lancaster, he found, on inquiry, that he would have to wait several hours for another through express to Pittsburgh. He learned, however, that he could get a train shortly that would take him to Harrisburg, and he decided to take it. Accordingly, he boarded the Harrisburg train when it came in and went on his way with a feeling of great satisfaction. He was seated behind a gentleman and a very pretty girl who appeared to be his daughter. After watching the scenery till he grew tired of it, Andy bought a magazine of a train boy and started in reading. The gentleman in the seat ahead got up and went forward to the smoker. The girl, left to herself, turned her attention to the landscape outside. After a time Andy looked up and noticed that the young lady was alone.

"She's a peach, all right," he said to himself. "I wonder who she is?"

After casting several furtive looks at the girl he resumed the reading of the magazine. He was soon engrossed in a thrilling short story, and had reached the point where the hero, surrounded by a horde of bloodthirsty Africans, was about to be transfixed by a score of spears.

"Then the unexpected happened," went on the story.

That is as far as Andy ever got with that story for at that moment the unexpected happened to him and his fellow-passengers. With a suddenness that prevented any one from realizing the meaning of what took place, there came a grinding shock, and the car in which Andy was riding, together with the one ahead, was hurled down an embankment some dozen or more feet in height, where the two cars piled up in a shapeless wreck, with a hundred human beings, full of life and contentment a moment before, caught fast in the debris.

CHAPTER VII.—The Train Wreck.

A fearful scene was presented to the eyes of Andy when he recovered his scattered senses. The car had been literally wrenched to pieces, and the passengers were partially buried beneath the fragments. As soon as he recovered his self-possession he instinctively made an effort to extricate himself from the broken seat. Although partly pinned down by it, a vigorous and determined effort enabled him to struggle free. Then he felt assured that he was practically unhurt. His first thought was for his sample case, and

he dragged it forth, uninjured. Andy looked around for the fair girl, but did not see her among those struggling back to consciousness. A portion of the top of the car lay over the tangled seats nearest to him. Andy raised up the end after much effort and looked underneath. There lay the pretty stranger, silent and motionless, with a streak of blood on her fair brow, now as white as the lily. The sight aroused all of Andy's energies. With desperate eagerness he shoved the heavy fragment of the roof aside, and then getting down on his hands and knees, he crawled to the girl and raised her inanimate form in his arms. With great difficulty he made his way out of the wrecked car and carried the girl to a soft, turfy spot under a big tree. Here he laid her gently down, and by every means in his power tried to convince himself that she was not really dead. His inexperience in such a case prevented him from learning the truth. There was not a sign by which he could reach a satisfactory conclusion. Andy looked at her in alarmed perplexity. He was as much concerned about her as though she were a relative or a dear friend. In a few minutes the girl recovered her consciousness and stared straight into his face. Dazed by the shock she had experienced, she lay still and looked at him without making another sign.

"Are you much hurt, miss?" asked Andy, who feared she was, but thought that the most appropriate thing he could say.

"Hurt!" she whispered. "What has happened to me?"

"Train wreck," replied the boy.

The girl seemed to pull herself together.

"My father—where is he?"

"Couldn't tell you, miss. He wasn't with you when the accident took place."

As the fearful nature of the catastrophe dawned upon the girl she struggled to rise, but fell back with a sharp cry of pain.

"My arm!" she moaned. "I fear it is broken."

"I hope not, miss," said Andy encouragingly, though he had his doubts.

Still, if that was all the injury she had sustained she might count herself fortunate.

"Look for my father," pleaded the girl. "He may be injured, or dead. What shall I do if anything has happened to him!"

Andy stood up and looked around on the scene. His eyes at once measured the extent of the calamity. Only the two rear cars of the train had been thrown down the embankment; the accident having been caused by the breaking of an axle on one of them. At that moment Andy saw the forward part of the train backing down the track.

"Didn't your father go forward to the smoking car?" said Andy, eager to allay the girl's anxiety about her father.

"Yes, that is where he went," she replied, in a weak voice.

"Then he is safe, for the smoker and two following cars were not derailed, but were carried on some distance. They are backing up now."

"Then please find my father and bring him to me. You have been very good to me, and I shall remember you with gratitude as long as I live," said the girl.

The uninjured part of the train had stopped and the passengers, though appalled by the sight they saw, rushed down the bank to render willing

assistance to the sufferers. Among them was the father of the young lady, who leaped frantically down to the wrecked cars and gazed in stupefied horror at the mass of broken wood and twisted steel that confronted his agonized vision. Thus Andy found and recognized him.

"Your daughter is over yonder, sir," he said. "I pulled her out of the wreck and carried her over to that tree."

Andy led him over to the tree and the gentleman fell on his knees beside the girl.

"My dear, dear child, how badly hurt are you?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"I don't know, father. My left arm is very numb. I am afraid it is broken," she answered.

"My poor Nellie!" he exclaimed brokenly.

"Please thank that boy, father. He has been very good to me. He brought me here out of the wreck and bathed my face till I recovered consciousness."

"Young man," said the gentleman, "you have placed me under lasting obligations to you. I can never be too grateful for the attention you have given my poor child. My name is Baldwin, and we live in New York. Here is my business card. Now tell me your name."

"Andrew Briggs. I am a traveling salesman for John B. Dexter, of No. — Maiden Lane, New York City. That puts me in mind of my sample case which I left in the car when I brought your daughter here. I think I had better bring it over here and then if I can be of any further service to you just tell me."

Andy returned to the car, found his case where he left it, and brought it over to the tree. He could do nothing more for the young lady just then, who was obliged to await the arrival of the doctors and their paraphernalia.

CHAPTER VIII.—Andy's Debut as a Salesman.

The emergency train soon speeded in and came to a stop, and a dozen surgeons, with nurses and male assistants, tumbled out with tools and appliances for operating on such sufferers as required that treatment. The whole bunch was soon busy, and the scene presented the appearance of an open-air field hospital when a battle was going on at a distance. A wrecking outfit was already on its way to the scene to repair the damaged track so that traffic, which was held up on the west-bound track, could be resumed. The conductor sent his crew around to notify all who were able to take advantage of the first trip to get aboard the cars. The seats were turned into impromptu couches, and the wounded able to be moved were taken to the train at once. The surgeon who attended to Miss Baldwin found that her arm was broken and set it carefully, during which operation she fainted. A few minor cuts and bruises constituted the rest of her injuries. Her father was very thankful indeed that she had received no dangerous internal injuries, which he at first feared might have been the case. Soon after the girl came out of her faint she was taken to the car, her father and Andy making a "hand-chair" for that purpose. She was propped up on a couch seat, her father sitting beside her and Andy opposite. In a short time the train started and made a quick run to Harrisburg,

where the station was filled with newspaper reporters, and an anxious throng of relatives and friends of those known or believed to have been on the wrecked cars.

"What hotel are you going to put up at?" Mr. Baldwin asked Andy, as the train rolled into the station.

"None, sir. I expect to take the night express for Pittsburgh as soon as it reaches here."

"Well, don't lose my card, and write me once in a while. As soon as you return to New York, call at my place of business and I will have you come to my house and see my daughter, who is very grateful to you for what you have done for her."

Andy promised to write, and to call on the gentleman when he got back to New York. A cab was got to carry Nellie to her aunt's home, with her father, and the fair sufferer smiled gratefully on him at parting, and said she would expect to see him in the near future at her own home in Manhattan. It was nearly dark now and Andy was feeling pretty hungry, for the lunch he had partaken of in Philadelphia only partially satisfied him at the time. He made inquiries about the arrival and departure of the night express for Pittsburgh and the west, and then made a bee-line for the restaurant, where he ordered a substantial meal and ate it with great relish. He found he had plenty of time to spend the evening at some place of amusement, and after checking his sample case at the station to be called for, he hunted up a vaudeville place and put in a couple of hours there. Then he returned to the station, with a three-hours' wait on his hands. It was close on to two o'clock when the night express came in. Andy got on board and was presently spinning along the road to his destination. He reached Pittsburgh on the following afternoon and went to the moderate-priced hotel he had been recommended to.

Andy signed his name, handed his card to the clerk, and was shown to a room. After a wash-up he went to breakfast and then bought a street guide and map of the city, which included Allegheny, across the river, and began to study the business section in connection with his list of houses he was to call on to secure trade. He made his first call about noon and got an interview with the proprietor. Then he laid himself out to sell a bill of goods.

"It isn't worth while showing your samples," said the boss of the store. "I buy all my novelties of Gulick & Co. I expect their drummer along any day."

"Let me show you the samples, anyway," said Andy. "Perhaps you might see something that would strike your fancy. I don't propose to try to talk you over to run your business, but if I were in your place I'd take note of everything in your line that interested myself. The Dexter stock has the pull on all the other manufacturers because the popularity of its designs attracts the public trade."

Andy opened up his case and displayed his samples. The man who didn't intend to buy was struck by the latest things the boy showed him, and Andy put up such a convincing argument that the proprietor decided to buy what he needed from him. He ended in buying a considerable bill of goods. Leaving the store with the man's signed order in his pocket, Andy started for his next

customer. He was much encouraged in having landed his first one, and went at the next with fresh ardor. It happened that as Andy walked out of his first customer's store the drummer for Gulick & Co. walked in. The Gulick man recognized Andy as in the business, but correctly judged that he was a new hand. He did not suspect that the boy was a rival in his own line, and gave him but passing notice. When he tackled the proprietor and learned that instead of waiting for him he had switched over to the John B. Dexter goods, he was mad and disgusted. The drummer's name was Bentley Cox, and he had quite a run of trade in Pittsburgh. Andy, however, made an inroad into it that day, and Cox was in a mighty bad humor when he returned to his hotel, which was the same house where Andy was stopping. After supper they met in the reading room. Cox recognized the boy as the young salesman who had done him out of several customers, and who was selling the Dexter goods.

"You're a drummer, aren't you?" he said to Andy, in an unpleasant tone.

"Yes; I'm traveling for a New York City house," replied Andy.

"For John B. Dexter?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Andy Briggs. What's yours?"

"Bentley Cox."

"Oh, you're the man who represents Gulick & Co."

"I do. You've been butting in on some of my customers."

"Well, that's what I'm here for: to convince them that the Dexter line is in every way superior to the Gulick line."

"You go and chase yourself. You can't come within a mile of our stuff."

"I think it is just the opposite. I don't know what your line of samples are, but I'll bet they're not in my class."

"It's easy to see that you're a new thing from the way you talk," sneered Cox.

"I admit I'm new, just as new as my samples. It is better to be new and up-to-date than behind the age."

"How long have you been on the road?"

"Not long; but I'm getting my hand in fast."

"How long do you intend to stay in the city?"

"Till I've visited every house that deals in a similar line to mine."

"You'll find that ground is pretty well covered by myself and others. The Dexter line isn't particularly needed in this town."

"I think it's greatly needed, from what I've seen so far."

"You'll make a bum drummer, I guess," sneered Cox.

At that moment he saw a man he was acquainted with and he walked away, leaving Andy to himself. The boy spent an hour reading the papers, and then feeling tired after his first day's experience, he asked for the key of his room and went to bed.

CHAPTER IX.—Andy Outdoes His Rival.

Andy started out bright and early next morning, and had made several calls and captured two

more of Cox's customers before that worthy, who had been to a show and afterward to a private gambling house, turned out on his job. The boy salesman did very well that day. His samples took the eyes of those he showed them to, and the good game of talk he put up did the rest. On the other hand, Cox had a rocky day, and he was in worse humor than the day before, when he reached the hotel. He felt like scrapping with Andy, but as his face looked like three days of rainy weather, Andy gave him a wide berth. To avoid personal contact with Bentley Cox, Andy went to a theater that evening, and on his return to the hotel went straight to bed. When he returned to the hotel the next afternoon, he found a telegram from Mr. Dexter, who had received his first few orders, congratulating him on his success, particularly in catching the man he had first applied to. One of Dexter's salesmen had tried a couple of times before to win this party over from Gulick & Co., and had failed. It was quite a feather in Andy's cap to have succeeded where a more experienced drummer was unable to make any headway. Andy saw little of Cox during the remainder of his stay in Pittsburgh. He did the town thoroughly, and Dexter was both surprised and pleased with the amount of business the boy turned in. He took many orders in Allegheny, too, and then continued on his route, which took him to the towns on the north side of the Allegheny River. This happened to be Cox's route, too, and Andy met him on the street in Etna, a town of about 7,000 population, about five miles from Allegheny.

"So you're working this town, too, are you?" snarled Cox.

"Why not? You seem to be here for business also."

"How long have you been here?"

"I arrived last night."

"Have you done any business yet?"

"Yes. I've got a \$500 order from Stark & Babcock."

Cox muttered an imprecation, for that was his best firm in Etna.

"I've also caught Brown Bros. and L. D. Thompson. You might have sold to these people had you come here on your usual time, but from what I hear you are month late and people have got tired waiting for you to show up."

Cox swore again and then Andy told him that he had no further time to talk, as he was in a hurry to finish up the town. Andy walked into Roth & Granger's, near by, and Cox, in an ugly mood, followed him in, determined to spoil him there, at any rate. Both sent in their names to Mr. Roth, and the head partner came out to see them.

"I've got a brand-new set of samples this time," said Cox, after he had shaken hands with Roth. "There's nothing out that can touch them. Let us go into your office and I'll show them to you."

"Before you make up your order, Mr. Roth, I'd like to show you the Dexter line. Then you can decide whether you will carry the Gulick novelties this season or not," said Andy.

"I always buy from Mr. Cox," said Roth.

At those words Cox glared sardonically at the boy.

"Well, I dare say you'll find him a nice man to deal with, but you know there isn't much sentiment in business these days. You've never tried

the Dexter line. They are the quickest sellers on the market in their line, and I'll warrant they'll go off faster than ever this time. I don't ask you to take my word for that. I ask you as an up-to-date merchant to compare my samples with Mr. Cox's. I've just sold a large order to Stark & Babcock. They are not going to handle the Gulick goods any more."

Cox gritted his teeth as Andy spoke.

"I have also sold a good bill to Brown Bros. and L. D. Thompson," went on the boy. "I could not do that if my line wasn't superior to Gulick's."

Andy's statement that he had sold to the three largest firms in Etna made a big impression on Roth.

"I'll look at your samples in connection with Mr. Cox's," he said. "Follow me, both of you."

The two salesmen engaged Mr. Roth's attention for nearly an hour, and in the end Roth gave his order to Andy, for not only was the boy's samples superior to Cox's, but Roth was afraid of carrying a line different from the three firms Andy had sold to in that town. Cox was a wild man when he got outside. Andy had cleaned up the place, having sold to every one of the four dealers in jewelry novelties, leaving nothing for Cox, unless he wanted to go around among the small fry, which he never did.

"I'll get square with you for this!" cried Gulick & Co.'s salesman, shaking his fist in Andy's face.

"Oh, all right!" replied the boy coolly. "If you want to do good business, why don't you work for a house that turns out the right kind of goods?"

Thus speaking, Andy started for the hotel to get his dinner. Bentley Cox shook his fist after him and walked off in the opposite direction, which would take him to the station. Andy had plenty of time to eat his meal and write a letter, inclosing his four orders to Mr. Dexter, which he registered, as usual, at the post-office, before the next local train from Allegheny came in. He boarded it, and so did Cox, who had been hanging around the station for a full hour, nursing his wrath. A short run brought the train to Sharpsburg. Here Andy alighted, prepared to fight it out against his business rival. Cox, however, did not stop. His purpose was to get ahead of the boy and try and keep his trade that way. He went on to Aspinwall, a small place, where he had one customer, leaving Andy full swing at Sharpsburg, and the boy did well in consequence. Andy expected to run across Cox at the hotel, if not at one of the dealers, but he didn't. He saw no sign of him while he stayed in the town, which was not long, and then he started for Tarentum.

On the train Andy, by great good luck, made the acquaintance of the chief dealer in his line of business, and interested him in his goods. He showed his samples and took a good order before the train reached the town. He learned that the other two dealers were wedded to Gulick & Co., and decided to let Cox have them. He was satisfied with having caught the leading house, and concluded that he would get on ahead of his rival. So when the train stopped at Tarentum he didn't get off, but continued on to Freeport, where he had the only dealer on his list. He sold this man a small order and then proceeded to Butler, which

was about twenty miles from the river by rail. This was a fair-sized town, much larger than those he had just been doing business in, and was the end of the Pennsylvania road in that direction. He put up at the Waverly Hotel, which was a second-class house and one frequented by drummers and theatrical people.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Spriggins Introduces Himself

After supper that evening Andy went into the reading room, as was his custom, and picked up a copy of the Daily Eagle. After reading the news he looked up the amusements and saw that there was a play by a New York company at the Majestic Theater. He asked a man sitting in the next chair where the theater was, and was told that it was in the next block. At that moment a sporty young fellow entered the room and looked around. When his gaze rested on Andy he approached him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "is your name Andy Briggs?"

"Yes," replied the boy salesman, looking at him in some surprise.

"My name is Spriggins—Bob Spriggins. I was formerly a salesman for John B. Dexter, whom you represent, but I have gone into business in this town. I got a letter from Mr. Allen, the head store salesman of your house, telling me you would be on here about this time to sell goods to the merchants in your line. He said you were new at the business and he asked me to show you around and give you what pointers I thought would be of use to you, so I've been watching for your arrival," said the sporty stranger.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Spriggins," said Andy, shaking hands with him. "I don't remember that Mr. Allen mentioned your name to me before I left, but I suppose it did not occur to him to do so."

"As long as he wrote to me about you, it's all right. Mr. Allen always treated me well, and I couldn't think of refusing him such a small favor."

"Yes, Mr. Allen is a very nice man," said Andy.

"He is very nice about you. I'll show you his letter," said Spriggins, putting his hand in his pocket. "By George! I'm sorry, but I left that letter in my other coat. I'll show it to you tomorrow."

"All right," said Andy. "How long have you been in Butler?"

"Two years or so."

"Are you in the jewelry novelty business?" said Andy, judging that Spriggins wasn't, or his name would be on his list.

"No. I'm in the hotel business with a partner. That is, I run a rooming house on the outskirts. I want you to come out there and stay while you are in town. It won't cost you a cent."

"Much obliged, but I think as I have registered here I had better remain here," replied Andy, who did not care to make the suggested change.

"The fact that you've registered here doesn't matter. I'll make that all right," said Spriggins gladly. "Come along, let's go out and see a little of the town. There's a show on at the Majestic. We'll go there about eight."

Andy got up and followed his new acquaintance out of the hotel. Truth to tell, the young salesman was not over attracted to Spriggins. Though Andy was not at all taken with Spriggins, he did not dream that the chap was a sham, so far as his pretensions were concerned. He had never worked for John B. Dexter in any capacity, and knew no more about selling goods than an inexperienced boy. The fact of the matter was, Bob Spriggins was a cheap sport and a friend of Bentley Cox. Cox, satisfied that Andy would stop at Butler, had written to Spriggins, explaining that the boy was a rival of his and asking the sport to do him up some way.

"I'll make it all right with you, Bob," he wrote, "but in any case you can help yourself to the best of the samples in his case. There are a number of valuable gold ones, and many of sterling silver. You ought to be able to make a good haul yourself while doing me this favor. The boy is a new thing on the road, and you should have no trouble in trimming him in good shape. The principal thing I want you to do is to get his sample case away from him. He can't do any business without that. As he has many A1 samples, he is hurting my trade, and I must sidetrack him at all cost."

As Spriggins had been quite chummy with Cox when the latter was last in Butler, and as he expected to make something out of the drummer when he came to Butler again, the sport was quite willing to do any reasonable favor for Cox. So he got on the job, and now had Andy in tow. He showed Andy up the main business street and invited him to take a drink at a gilded saloon, but the young salesman firmly refused to imbibe. Then they went to the theater at Spriggins' expense, and after the show was over the sport took the boy into an all-night oyster house and they had a lunch.

"Now we'll go and see the elephant," said Spriggins, when they came out.

"What elephant?" asked Andy.

Spriggins grinned.

"You know what I mean. You've never been in a gambling house, have you?" he said.

"No," replied Andy.

"Well, I'll take you to one now. It's called the White Elephant. There is a saloon and billiard parlor on the first and second floors. Anybody can walk in there, but you've got to be known to be admitted to the upper floor where the games are played. I'm known to the doorkeeper and will vouch for you, so we'll have no trouble in getting in," said Spriggins.

"I'm much obliged for the invitation, but I don't care to visit a gambling house. I'm not interested in games of chance," said Andy, who thought a lot less of his companion for making the proposal.

"I thought you wanted to see all the sights?" said Spriggins.

"No, I'm not particular about seeing them all," said Andy. "It is half-past eleven, and I'd rather return to the hotel and go to bed."

"Go to bed! Why, it's early!"

"It might be for you, but it's late for me. This is my first business trip and I need a clear head to do business with tomorrow. I wouldn't make a good impression if I made my appearance be-

fore a merchant looking as if I had been out most of the night. When a fellow looks seedy he feels seedy. One of these days, when I get old and seasoned, I may take more chances, but now I'm bound to take care of myself."

Spriggins had sense enough to see that Andy meant what he said and that it would be useless to try and force him to do what he did not want to do, so he said:

"All right. Whatever you say goes with me. I was told to look after you and give you a good time, and I want to do it; but if you don't want to stay out any later, we'll take a cab, call for your baggage at the hotel, and go out to the roadhouse."

"No," said Andy. "I prefer to remain at the hotel."

Spriggins reflected.—It wouldn't do to arouse Andy's suspicions, so he decided to walk back to the hotel with him and leave him there. Between that and the next evening he decided to concoct some scheme that would get the young salesman in his power.

"Well, let's go back to your hotel. On the whole, I guess I'll get home and go to bed myself, as I have some business on hand in the morning," he said.

So back to the Waverly Hotel they went, and Spriggins bade Andy good night, and good luck with his next day's business tour. The sport, however, didn't go home and turn in, as he said he was going to. He never went to bed much before three or four, for he was a regular night-hawk, and found more pleasure and profit in being abroad during the hours of darkness than when daylight held sway. Where he went and what he did that night is a matter that does not concern this story, so we shall not follow him. Andy got his key right away and went to his room, and half an hour later was enjoying his first sleep, which would put him in good trim for his exertions on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.—Andy Falls Into a Trap.

Andy turned out at half-past seven, as bright as a new silver dollar. He dressed and went to breakfast. Then he went into the reading room, read the Times for a while, and wrote a couple of letters. By that time he was ready to tackle business, so he got his sample case and started out. It was a bright, sunny day, and Andy felt confident of success. He was glad that Bentley Cox had not showed up. Though he did not fear him as a business rival, still he would have a clearer field with that young man out of the way. Andy caught two orders before his appetite sent him back to the hotel for dinner, and he did even better during the afternoon. He had only two more merchants to call on, who were on his list, and there was nothing to prevent him getting out of town early next day. In the meantime, Bob Spriggins had not been idle since he got out of bed around noontime. He hustled out to the roadhouse and met the owner, who was a foxy man, willing to take chances to make the mighty dollar. He and Spriggins were hand-in-glove when any safe piece of rascality was on the tapis,

and each could always depend on the other's aid. Spriggins promised the roadhouse man, whose name was Toby Clincher, half of the pickings that resulted from the doing up of Andy, and the pair evolved a plan between them that they hoped would work.

Spriggins arrived at the Waverly Hotel about five o'clock in a cab and asked for Andy. The clerk told him that the boy was out; had, in fact, been out all day. Spriggins went out to the entrance to wait for his victim, anticipating that he would soon show up. He was right, for Andy presently came along with the sample case in his hand.

"Say, I've been waiting for you, Briggs. I've got a customer for you," said the sport.

"A customer!" exclaimed the young salesman.

"Yes. He doesn't belong in this town, but in Spencer, thirty miles from here. He used to have a store here when I was on the road, and I sold him Dexter's goods right along. When I quit, one of Gulick & Co.'s men got him in tow and has held on to him ever since. I met him to-day and I had a talk with him and told him you had the finest samples in his line of any man on the road, and I got him interested. He promised he would look them over if I would bring you out to the roadhouse, where he is stopping. As he's going to the theater to-night, we have no time to lose. I've got a cab here which will take us out to my place in twenty minutes. I'll help you get his order. After that we'll have supper and then I'll bring you back here."

Thus Spriggins put it to Andy, and as his story looked straight enough, the boy fell into the trap and agreed to go with the sport, for he was eager to sell all he could, and a customer not down on his list was a good thing to catch.

"What's the man's name?" he asked, as he got into the cab.

"His name is Fowler."

"Is he perfectly reliable and good pay?"

"He always was. Dexter will be glad to get him back," said Spriggins, nodding to the driver and closing the door of the vehicle.

"How much do you think he's likely to buy?" asked Andy, as the cab started.

"You ought to land him for four or five hundred dollars. He's the only dealer in Spencer, and has a large store there," said Spriggins.

The sport kept up a rapid flow of talk all the way to the roadhouse, which was situated on the county road, a mile outside of Butler. In due time they reached the building, which bore the name of the "Old Homestead," and Spriggins led the way into the public room, where Clincher stood talking to his assistant behind the bar.

"This is my partner, Mr. Clincher," said the sport, introducing Andy.

Clincher said he was glad to know him, and invited him to drink.

"I never drink," said Andy.

"Where's Fowler?" asked Spriggins, with a wink.

"Lying down, I guess. He was out for a walk and came in tired. He told me to call him when supper was ready. I was just going up to do so."

"If supper is ready we can't talk business until after we've eaten. Fetch him down. Come on,

Briggs, we'll go into the dining room," said Spriggins.

Andy, who was feeling hungry, had no objection to eating first and talking business afterward, so he followed the sport into the small eating-room of the roadhouse. In a few minutes Clincher appeared.

"He's got a headache and he says he won't come down yet a while. He's not going to the theater to-night."

"All right; then Briggs will have plenty of time to talk him into an order," said Spriggins.

They sat down to supper, which consisted of ham and eggs, fried potatoes and coffee, with apple pie to finish up with. Andy ate heartily, but as the meal drew to its close he began to feel unaccountably sleepy. He was fast falling under the influence of the drug which had been administered to him in the coffee. Spriggins seeing his condition, suggested that they go upstairs and see Fowler. Andy got up and went upstairs with them, and they left him seated at a table in one of the second-story rooms while they went to bring the mythical Fowler. As soon as Spriggins and Clincher got outside, the former softly rapped the door on the boy. Then they went into the front room to wait for the drug to finish its work. Fifteen minutes later when Spriggins peeped through the keyhole he saw Andy with his head on his arms, unconscious across the table. He opened the door, entered, and grabbing the sample case, carried it into the front room, leaving the door unlocked, for he was satisfied that the boy wouldn't recover for some hours, long before which he and Clincher intended to drive Andy off into the country and leave him at an old, disused mill to recover and find his own way back to town.

"Where's the key?" asked Clincher, when his rascally associate placed the case on the table.

"I never thought about it," said Spriggins. "It's in his pocket. I must go back and get it."

At that moment the man who was looking after the bar started for Clincher to come downstairs.

"Wait till I return," he said to the sport.

"All right. I'll get the key and amuse myself looking at the stuff in the case till you get back."

"No," said the roadhouse man, who was not disposed to trust the sport any further than he could see him. "We'll open the case together."

To make sure about it, he took the case, moved it into a closet, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then he went downstairs. Spriggins, muttering an imprecation against his accomplice, returned to the room where Andy was and searched him for the key. He finally found it and went back to the front room. Clincher remained away so long that Spriggins grew impatient and went down to look for him. He found him in the company of a couple of detectives, who were questioning him closely about a complaint that had been made against him and his house by a couple of men who had stopped there a few days before for a drink and claimed that he had enticed them to play cards and had cheated them out of \$20. Clincher swore that they themselves had proposed to play, and called on his assistant to confirm his statement, which the man readily did.

The detectives were not thoroughly satisfied of

the roadhouse proprietor's innocence in the matter, and told him he'd have to come to town with them, as they had a warrant for his arrest, issued by a certain judge. Clincher put up a stout kick, but it didn't do him any good. Finding that he had to go with the officers, he issued certain directions to his assistant and told the sport to wait for him till he got back.

"But you may be kept in jail all night," said Spriggins.

"No fear," returned Clincher. "I'll send for my political backer and he'll get me out of this."

Clincher went away in company with the officers, and Spriggins waited impatiently for him to come back. He visited the room where Andy reclined over the table, dead to the world for the time being, and was satisfied the boy was safe. He took the precaution, however, to get a key and turn it in the lock, though he had no fear that the young salesman would come to his senses for hours. So time passed until midnight came around, and then Clincher came back. He had been bailed out after considerable trouble, and would have to appear in a magistrate's court in the morning. He and Spriggins went to the front room and the sample case was got out of the closet. Spriggins unlocked it and the two men began examining the samples with a great deal of interest.

CHAPTER XII.—Andy Turns the Tables.

It happened that Andy was not so badly drugged as the men supposed he was, owing to a mistake in the strength of the drug which had been put in his coffee, and to the fact that the boy had not drunk all the coffee, the strongest part of the drug being at the bottom of the cup. He came out of his stupor about the time that Clincher got back from town, and found himself alone in the dark. Naturally, he was a bit dazed at first, and could not account for his situation. As his brain cleared he heard footsteps come up the stairs outside and pass the door of his room. These footsteps were made by Clincher and Spriggins going to the front room.

"I wonder where I am, anyway?" thought Andy, getting up. "Seems to me I have an indistinct recollection of going to a room up a flight of stairs with Spriggins and his partner for the purpose of meeting a man named Fowler to get an order from him. That is all I can remember. Everything is a blank since that. Something must have happened to me to cause this peculiar condition of affairs. Why should anything happen to me? I'm perfectly healthy."

Andy didn't like the aspect of affairs, and began to suspect that there was something crooked about it.

He felt in his pocket for a match, found one, and lighted it. He recognized the room as the one the men had brought him to. There was a lamp on a shelf and Andy lit it. There were three doors and a window to the room. Andy went to the one that opened on the landing and found it was locked. That seemed suspicious to him. He tried the next one in the other wall and found that it communicated with a closet. The

third one led into a narrow passage at the other end of which was a door. A light came under it, and Andy heard voices in the room beyond. The fact that the outer door was locked raised very disquieting doubts in his mind, especially when taken in connection with the disappearance of his sample case and what had happened to him.

It looked very like as if he had been made a prisoner in the room. Under these dubious circumstances he deemed it wise to act with caution, though so far he entertained no positive conviction of foul play on the part of Spriggins and his partner. He removed his shoes and walking softly to the door at the end of the passage he applied his eye to the keyhole. The room beyond was brightly lighted by a lamp that stood on a mantel over a Baltimore heater, and at a table near by sat Spriggins and Clincher with the sample case between them. They were taking the gold and silver articles out, one by one, and commenting on their probable value. Andy gave a gasp when he saw what they were doing. There could be only one meaning to their actions: They intended to steal the more valuable of his samples. Why Spriggins, who was supposed to be his friend, should be up to such a trick, Andy could not understand, but he soon found out the sport's true character. He easily heard all that passed between the two men in the room, and as Spriggins referred quite frequently to his friend Bentley Cox, and told how he expected to pull the drummer's leg for a substantial amount for carrying out his directions to do Andy up, the scales which had blinded the boy's eyes concerning the sport fell away and he saw the rascal in his true colors.

He also saw through the scheme of which he was the victim, and he determined at any cost to put a spoke in the wheels of the scoundrels. It would never do for him to lose his samples. He couldn't go on his way without them. It was a despicable game for Cox to put up on him, but he was not particularly surprised that Gulick & Co.'s drummer should be guilty of it. Andy had sized him up pretty correctly and believed he was mean enough to do anything that would redound to his own advantage. Having come to a thorough understanding of the situation, the boy salesman began to figure how he was to upset the calculations of the two men in the room and recover his property. The prospect was not very encouraging, owing to the odds he was up against and the fact that he was in the power of the rascals. Andy, however, was a plucky lad, and was ready to put up a good fight in his own interest. To begin with, he softly tried the door to see if it was locked, and found that it was not. Then he determined to try a bold move. He returned to the first room, barricaded the landing door with the table and the lounge and the four chairs he saw there, and then, after blowing out the lamp, he began pounding heavily on the door. Then he rushed back to the inner door of the passage. Looking through the keyhole he saw that both men had left the table. One or both had gone out on the landing, attracted by the noise, which they naturally suspected came from Andy, who had recovered before the time they had calculated on. His unexpected recovery disarranged their plan to some extent, but they were equal to the emergency and would adopt some means to quiet him. Andy opened the passage

door a little and looked into the room. The two men were outside. He rushed over to the door, saw there was a key in the lock, and quickly shut and locked it. Then he resumed his shoes and went to the table.

There lay all his most valuable samples in two piles, as the men had divided them between them. He swept them quickly into his case and locked it. By this time the men outside had noticed, by the shutting off of the light which had shone on the landing through the opening, that the door had been shut. Feeling that something was wrong here, for they had already found the door of the other room barricaded against their entrance, they came back and tried to get in. Of course they couldn't, and Clincher began kicking at the door with his heavy boots. Feeling that he had no time to lose, Andy glided over to one of the front windows and opened it. A couple of feet below was the roof of the porch. He was out on it in a moment. To slide to the ground down one of the posts was only the work of a few moments. Then he made off in the darkness toward town, the direction of which he knew by observing the big tree at the side of the roadhouse, which he had noticed when he came in the cab was on the town side of the building.

"That was a narrow escape and a mighty lucky one," he breathed, as he hurried forward. "Still I'm not out of the woods yet, for they are bound to follow me. If they do, I guess I can give them the slip in the dark."

He looked behind every few minutes, keeping himself in at the side of the road. He had gone about a quarter of a mile when he saw a house standing back from the turnpike. As he came abreast of it he looked back and saw two figures coming on behind. There could be little doubt but they were his enemies in pursuit. Of course, he must leave the road at once and let them go by. He opened the gate and ran toward the house, taking shelter behind it. The two figures came up and stopped at the gate.

"I wonder if they saw me come in here?" thought Andy, watching them.

The figures opened the gate and came in. Then one walked along inside the fence one way and the other in the opposite direction. Each had to walk about fifty feet to a cross-fence, and they beat up the thick bushes as they proceeded. Fearing they would investigate the back of the house, on the chance that the fugitive was hiding there, Andy took time by the forelock and made a break for the barn. He scurried behind it. Then he thought they might even come as far as that. There was a fence behind the barn, and beyond an orchard of trees.

"They'd never find me among those trees," said the boy to himself.

At that moment he noticed that the shutter of the shutter through which the manure was thrown was open. It was easy to reach, so Andy decided to climb into the barn and close the shutter, then he would be quite safe from his pursuers. He did so without much hesitation, and found himself in the darkness of a strange place. He was about to strike a match so as to look around when he heard voices in the building. Feeling his way forward, with caution, he presently saw a lighted lantern, partially shaded by

a block of wood, standing on a bench. Seated on an overturned harrow, with their backs toward him, were two rough-looking men. They were eating some food they had with them in a paper, and drinking from a couple of liquor flasks. Andy's first idea was that they were tramps who, seeing the opening through which he had himself entered, had made free to come in themselves for a night's shelter. He judged that he had better not discover himself to them lest they should be tempted to take advantage of the chance to rob him of his sample case. So he held aloof and listened to their conversation. He soon learned enough to convince him that they intended to force an entrance into the house and rob the place. It was clear that they were not merely tramps, but traveling crooks, out for anything that fortune threw in their way.

CHAPTER XIII.—Andy Frustrates a Burglary.

As soon as Andy realized what their purpose was, he decided that it was up to him to frustrate it. The men, having finished their lunch, got up and prepared for business. Leaving the lantern where it was, they started toward the place where the boy was standing. Evidently they were about to make their exit by the route they had come in. As Andy had closed the shutter, though he had not secured it, he was afraid the rascals would suspect something was wrong. He thought it would be wise to get farther back, but to move around in the dark, with the risk of tripping over an obstruction at any moment, was taking chances of immediate discovery. Under such conditions he concluded to remain where he was. The men passed so close to him that he could have touched them.

"Where in thunder is the window?" said the fellow in advance.

"It ought to be before you," replied the other.

"If it is, I can't see it."

"That's because it's dark outside."

"It's not so dark outside as it is in here, by a long chalk."

"Go forward and feel for the opening."

"You've got a match in your clothes. Strike it and let us see where we are."

They had passed around the corner of the stall where Andy stood, otherwise they must have noticed him when the last chap lit a match at his companion's request.

"Why, the shutter is down!" cried the chap in advance. "Who could have been around here? Maybe we've been discovered in here."

"The shutter might have fallen after we entered. It isn't fast, is it?"

"No," replied the other, trying it.

"Then it's all right. Push it up and we'll get out."

Andy peered around the corner of the stall at them. The shutter was pushed up and the first man crawled out. As the other started to follow Andy picked up a rake handle he saw and gave him a crack on the head hard enough to stun him. He fell back with a groan and lay quiet.

"Hurry up! What's delaying you?" asked the chap outside impatiently.

His companion didn't answer him, of course, nor show himself.

"Why in thunder don't you come out?" called the man again.

His request was unheeded. With an imprecation he climbed back and stuck in his head.

"Where are you, Beaseley?" he said.

Beaseley lay right under him, but was dead to the world at that moment.

"Confound you, where have you got to?" he roared angrily.

The silence still continued. Then he began to suspect that something was wrong. He would have struck a match, but he had none himself. He started to scramble in, thought better of it, and dropped out again. He stood around and waited in vain for his pal to appear. Andy waited to see what he was going to do next. As he did nothing, Andy walked over to where the lantern stood and looked for a piece of rope. There was lots of it hanging from pegs in the wall. He took down a couple of pieces and walked back to the stall. He intended to tie the unconscious man with them. The fellow had recovered his senses and was getting out of the window. Andy had to let him go.

"Look here, Beaseley, what kept you inside so long?" demanded his pal.

"Something fell on my head and knocked me out. My head is ringing now from the whack."

"Something fell on you?"

"Yes. It knocked me senseless, whatever it was."

"I s'pose it was some implement that was hanging there," said his companion.

Andy heard what they said and saw that they did not suspect the true cause. They walked away and disappeared around the corner of the barn, the injured man caressing his sore head. After waiting a few moments Andy crawled out of the window himself and peered around the side of the barn. He saw the men standing at the back door of the house. They failed to force the door, so they went to a window and succeeded in securing entrance that way.

"Now, what shall I do?" said Andy. "I must block those rascals somehow."

He re-entered the barn and hunted around for something that would answer as an effective weapon at close quarters. He didn't want to use a dangerous edged tool, so he finally decided on arming himself with a short cudgel, with a knotty end. With this in his hand he went over to the house and got in through the window opened and left so by the burglars. He found himself in the kitchen, and cautiously made his way through an open door into a passage that led into the main hallway of the house. All was dark, and he guessed that the thieves were upstairs. He listened for some sound that would indicate their whereabouts, but heard nothing. He opened both doors on either side of the hall and looked into the rooms. They were dark and silent and tenantless. If the men were anywhere, they were upstairs, so Andy ventured to ascend the staircase. When he reached the landing he saw a door slightly ajar and a light shining through the crack. Gliding up to it, he heard sounds that indicated the presence of the rascals he was after. Pushing the door open a bit more, he was able to look into the room. He saw a man and woman gagged in bed and one of the thieves standing watch over them while the other was ransacking

the place. Already the fellow had a bag well filled with plunder. Andy decided that it was too risky for him to rush in and attack the pair. It would be better to ambush them as they came out and take them by surprise. In a few minutes the active man had got all that he considered worth while taking.

"Now, Beaseley," he said, "I'll go downstairs with this bundle and see what I can pick up there. As soon as I am done I'll give you the signal to come."

Andy's original intention was to attack the men as they came out of the room, one after the other. The fellow's words caused him to change it. He slipped over to the stairs and ran down. At the foot he waited for the burglar to come down with the bundle. The fellow did not keep him waiting long. When he reached the foot of the stairs Andy sprang forward and knocked him senseless with his club. He searched the chap to see if he had a revolver, but he had none. He dragged the thief out into the kitchen and tied his hand and foot with a clothes line.

"That settles one of them," said Andy, as he shoved the man under the table. "Now for the other."

He walked upstairs and saw that the door of the front chamber was open. Getting down on his hands and knees, he crawled inside. Rising suddenly when he reached the foot of the bed, he took the man called Beaseley by surprise and knocked him down with his club. Another crack dazed him, and before he recovered Andy had him bound with a towel. The boy took the gags from the mouths of the man and woman, and then found that their arms were bound to their sides. As he proceeded to release them, the man found his tongue.

"How came you to enter the house so opportunely, young man?" he said.

Andy explained in as few words as possible, telling how in trying to escape from two rascals who were after him, he had found a shuttered window in the barn open and entered the building and there discovered the two men who had just enacted the part of burglars, and learned from their talk that they intended to rob the house. He believed it was his duty to block their purpose, and he was glad to say he had succeeded. The owner of the house, who said his name was John Moore, thanked him for his valuable services in his behalf and his wife's, and said he would reward him for it. Then he asked Andy his name and if he lived in town. The boy told him that he did not live in town, but was a traveling salesman for a New York house.

"Then you are a stranger in this neighborhood?"

"I am," replied the boy.

The man got up and dressed himself. Andy told him that the bag of plunder the other rascal had taken downstairs was in the lower hall. Mr. Moore and the boy carried the second burglar down to the kitchen, and Andy stood guard over both chaps while the man went to his barn and harnessed a horse to a light wagon. The two thieves were loaded on the wagon. Andy got his sample case and then Mr. Moore drove into town to the station house, where the men were turned over to the police, and the story of the burglary told. Andy's name and hotel address was taken down, and he was told to appear at the magis-

trate's court at eleven in the morning. Mr. Moore drove him to the Waverly Hotel and left him. It was three by the clock in the office when he asked for his key. He kept to his room perfectly convinced that he had just passed the most strenuous night of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Stolen Case.

Andy didn't get up till nine next morning and was the last to enter the dining room for breakfast. There was nothing in the morning papers about the burglary, as the newspapers were on the press when the matter was reported to the police. The young salesman decided not to proceed against Spriggins and the man he believed was the sport's partner for fear it might result in his being detained in Butler in order to prosecute them. He had recovered his sample case, which took him an hour to put in order, and he was satisfied to let matters go at that. At eleven o'clock he was in court and there met Mr. Moore again. The prisoners were called to the bar and pleaded "Not guilty." After hearing the testimony against them, the judge held them for trial. As Andy intended to leave town that afternoon, he reduced his own testimony to affidavit form and handed the paper to Mr. Moore.

That man then presented the boy with \$100 and told him when he next visited Butler he must call at his house. After lunch Andy visited the last two people on his list and got a small order from both. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Dexter, detailing all that had happened to him and mailed it on his way to the station. Andy took the B. & O. as far as Parker's Landing on the Allegheny River, and there connected with the Pennsylvania road again and went on to Franklin, where he registered at the United States Hotel. Before going to bed he scanned the Evening News and saw a paragraph referring to the burglary in Butler in which he had played so prominent a part. He secured two orders in this town and then took the Erie road to Erie, stopping over one day at Meadville to drum up business there. Being ahead of Cox, he was not bothered with a sight of that undesirable salesman, and he put in two days at Erie with great satisfaction to himself, and subsequently to Mr. Dexter. From Erie his route took him into Ohio, and he made his first stop at Ashtabula, where he put up at the Chapman House. Picking up the Beacon Record, after supper, he saw there was a show at the Lyceum Theater, so he concluded to blow himself to it.

Reaching the theater, he was rather taken aback to see Bentley Cox and Spriggins standing near the entrance, talking. The sport was the last person he expected to see in Ashtabula. As for Cox, he had hoped he was off the fellow's route, or that the drummer was some ways behind him. It was certainly an unpleasant surprise to meet the two in town. They didn't see him as he slipped into the theater, nor did he catch sight of either when he came out at the close of the show. Next morning he started out to see the four men on his list, fully expecting to run across Cox before he got through. He did

not meet the drummer, nor had the chap preceded him at the stores where he called. He took two orders and late in the afternoon boarded a Lake Shore train for Cleveland, the first large city on his route. He had a string of customers to call on at this place, but half of them used the Dexter line and would be easy for him to sell to. He put up at the Kennard.

"I'll be sure to run foul of Cox here," he thought, when he went to his room. "But what's the difference? He can't hurt me any. I'm going to tackle his customers first, and if I don't capture a number of them I'll be greatly disappointed."

Andy felt that he couldn't get square with Gullick & Co.'s drummer better than to do him out of several of his best customers. In any case, it was perfectly fair for him to do so if he could, for Cox would certainly adopt the same tactics toward him. Andy had been doing first-class since he had been on the road. He knew that himself, and a letter he found waiting at the hotel for him from Mr. Dexter confirmed the fact. Mr. Dexter declared that he no longer entertained any doubt that Andy was a born salesman, and he intended to keep him on the road most of the time. That made the boy feel good, and encouraged him to greater efforts, for every one likes to be appreciated. The Maiden Lane merchant and manufacturer commented also on Andy's adventures at Butler, and said that he was certainly a shrewd and plucky lad.

"Twice you have extricated yourself from a serious difficulty with respect to your sample case," said the merchant. "Had you lost it, we would have had to refit you anew. The expense would have been less a matter of moment than the time you must have lost and the advantage your rival would have gained in consequence."

Andy went to the Euclid Avenue Opera House that night, and next morning started out full of business. When he returned to the hotel that evening a dispatch was handed to him. It was signed John B. Dexter, and ran as follows:

"Andrew Briggs,

"Kennard Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Case of valuable goods stolen from our truck, shipped to No. — Blank street, Cleveland. Get search warrant; take officer; reclaim and take to your room. Hold pending further orders.

"JOHN B. DEXTER."

Andy whistled when he read the telegram.

"I guess I'd better get on the job right away," he thought.

He went to the clerk and inquired the way to police headquarters.

When he got outside he decided to hire a cab as the quickest way to get on. He knew that Mr. Dexter wouldn't object to the expense. Reaching the station house he secured an interview with the proper officer, and showed him the telegram.

"I want to get possession of that case right away," he said, "before the accomplices of the New York thieves break it open and dispose of the goods."

The officer agreed that no time was to be lost. He referred Andy to a certain judge and detailed an officer to go with him.

"You'll have to call at the judge's home to get him to sign the warrant," he said, "and from there you can drive straight to the house where the case is supposed to be."

Andy and the detective got into the cab and were taken to the residence of the judge in question. The matter was explained to him and the telegram shown. He immediately issued the warrant. The cab took the young salesman and the officer to the address on Blank street and they found that it was a cheap boarding house. The landlady was interviewed. She said a good-sized case had been delivered there that afternoon and it was now standing in the basement hall, waiting for its owner, a stranger who had rented a room from her for a week. The man had given his name as George Smith, and said he came from New York as a drummer for a Maiden Lane house of that city.

"How long has this man been here?" asked the detective.

"Two days."

"Is he in the house now?"

"No. I haven't seen him since this morning."

"You expect him at any time, don't you?"

"Yes. He may return any moment. In fact, he ought to be here now for his dinner."

"Well, we are going to take possession of that case in the name of the law," said the officer.

"What for?" asked the landlady, apparently flustered at that news.

"Because it was stolen in New York and sent here to be opened and its contents disposed of. Your boarder is not a drummer, as he has claimed to be, but the accomplice of the New York thieves."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the woman. "I hope you don't intend to arrest me. I supposed the man was honest. I can't inquire into the character of everybody who takes a room here."

"If you offer no opposition, you won't get into trouble, madam. Here is my authority as an officer of the law," and he showed his badge, "and here is our authority for searching your house and taking possession of the case if we find it here. Your admission that the case is in your basement does away with the necessity of searching your house. We now demand it of you."

"You can have it. I won't stand in the way of the law. Are you going to arrest the man?" she asked.

"I certainly intend to do so if he shows up. I shall require you to point him out to me. That will let you out of any criminal participation in the matter," said the detective.

"I'll point him out when he comes," she said.

"Very well. Now show us the case."

The woman took them down to the basement and pointed to the case. It was marked in one corner, "John B. Dexter, No. — Maiden Lane, New York City."

The shipping directions read: "To Murray Bros., Eastport, Long Island; N. Y."

Clearly it was the case indicated by the telegram and Andy claimed it.

"You won't be able to carry that away on the cab," said the detective. "You'll have to get an express company to call for it."

"There's an expressman on the corner," volunteered the woman.

"He won't be there at this hour, will he, ma'am?" asked Andy.

"You may find him, for he usually remains there till dark."

"Go and see if the man's wagon is there," said the officer. "If it is, you can get him to take the case to your hotel at once. I'll stay here till Smith shows up and will advise you later if I have arrested him."

So Andy started for the corner. The expressman was there with his wagon and the young salesman engaged him to carry the box to his hotel. At Andy's request it was taken to his room. The boy threw off his coat and vest, poured some water in his bowl and started to wash his face and otherwise prepare himself to go down to supper. Hearing a creaking sound, he stopped washing his face and looked around. The lid of the big packing box had arisen. Two masked men, who had been hidden inside, scrambled out. The young salesman was terribly startled, and recoiled.

CHAPTER XV.—Caught with the Goods.

"Hands up, young feller, and don't you make a sound, or it'll be worse for you," said the foremost rascal.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" gasped Andy.

"We are officers of the law, and we are going to arrest you for stealing this packing case," grinned the fellow, holding the boy under his revolver.

"You mean you are thieves who have taken this method of getting into the hotel to rob the guests," replied the boy.

"That will do now. Shut your trap tight, or I'll have to tap you on the bean. Gag and tie him, Jerry, and then we'll finish up our business."

The man called Jerry grabbed Andy, flung him back on the bed and gagged him with a towel, while his pal turned the key in the door. The pair then bound the young salesman to a chair.

"There, you'll stay in that chair till somebody comes and frees you," said the chief rascal. "There's the sample case, Jerry. Pick it up and then we'll dust. I'll take charge of what change this lad has in his pockets."

The speaker searched Andy and found \$12 in bills and some change. The men then turned the boy's face to the wall and removed their masks. Reaching into the packing case, they pulled out their coats and hats, which they put on. Neither noticed that there was a looking-glass on the wall facing Andy, and that he was making a note of their undisguised features in it.

"Well, young fellow, we'll say good-by and wish you no worse luck than the loss of your supper. Ta-ta, and over the river!"

The man unlocked the door and walked out, followed by his companion, with Andy's sample case in his hand. They shut the door and walked down the stairway to the rotunda, which they crossed and made their exit from the hotel, just like two honest men. Andy felt that he was in a tight fix at last. He did not know what to make of the matter at first, then he figured out that the case had been cleaned out of its original contents by

the parties who received it from New York, who he believed, were the two rascals who had tied him up and taken his sample case and money.

He argued that they were in the boarding house when he called with the detective, and were in a position to hear all that passed between them and the landlady. Fearing exposure and arrest, they had taken refuge in the packing case, and allowed themselves to be carried to the hotel, where they calculated on making another haul while the guests were down at supper. Andy made a desperate effort to free himself from his bonds, and finally succeeded in getting his right hand loose. He shoved it into his pocket, pulled out his knife, and after tearing the towel from his mouth, opened a blade with his teeth. Inside of five minutes he was free. Without waiting to put on his jacket he rushed down to the hotel office and reported what had happened.

"I believe the rascals are in the house at this moment," he said.

"You say they carried off your sample case?" said the clerk.

"Yes."

"When did they leave your room?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

"Describe the two men."

Andy did so.

"They are not in the house," said the clerk. "I saw two men who answer your description pass out of the hotel with a sample case about half an hour ago."

"Then they went away. Please notify the police at once and have a detective call here to see me. I can't afford to lose my sample case," said Andy.

The clerk went to the phone and the boy returned to his room to fix himself up, for he knew he could make no move till he had talked with a detective. It was nearly eight when he was ready to go down to supper. He would probably be the last to be served before the dining room closed. Well, he had to eat, though the loss of sample case had put something of a damper on his appetite. Before turning off the gas, he looked into the packing case as a matter of curiosity. Lying at the bottom of it he saw an envelope. He picked it up, put it in his pocket and went down to supper.

While waiting to be served, he looked at the envelope and saw that it was addressed to Barney Mulligan, — Water street, Cleveland. It bore no stamp or postmark, which showed that it had been delivered by messenger. Andy guessed it had dropped out of the pocket of one of the rascals. He pulled out the enclosure and read it. Its contents not only astonished him, but explained the whole rascally matter. The writer was Bentley Cox. From the note Andy learned that the telegraph from New York was a fake, and that the case had not come from there. The whole thing was a put-up job to steal his sample case.

The telegram was sent to get Andy to go after the case, in which the two rascals were to hide the moment the boy and an officer appeared at the house inquiring for it.

"The mistress of the boarding house must have been a party to the scheme, the object of which was to introduce the two men into my room by

way of the packing case, or it couldn't very well have been worked the way it was," thought Andy. "The expressman, too, was probably paid to remain at his stand after his usual hour in order to carry the case to the hotel without delay. It certainly was a great plot, but the letter, turning up accidentally, will enable the police to capture all concerned in it."

Andy rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"I think I see Cox's finish. The sample case will doubtless be found in his possession. That will enable me to prosecute him to the full extent of the law, and I guess he well deserves all that's coming to him," thought Andy, beginning his meal with a much better relish than he expected. When he came out of the dining room a detective from headquarters was waiting to see him.

"Come up to my room," said the boy.

Lighting the gas, he showed the officer the packing case. Then he showed him the bogus telegram, and told the story of the affair up to the moment he released himself from his bonds.

"Up to that point it looked like a plain, ordinary case of robbery," said Andy. "But I found this letter in the case, and that throws a flood of light on the affair. Read it. The writer is a rival drummer in my own line of business, and this isn't the first scurvy trick he's pulled off on me since I met him first in Pittsburgh. It's the first that has been successful as far as it has gone, but with your help I think I shall be able to land him in jail and put a full stop to any more of his crooked tricks."

The detective read the letter.

"Barney Mulligan is a well-known crook," said the officer. "We'll have no trouble in landing him. Describe the two men."

Andy did so, saying that one of the men was named Jerry.

"I recognize both from your description," said the detective. "Mulligan's pal is Jerry Atkins. They'll be in the lock-up within an hour or so. Likewise the landlady of No. — Blank street. She is probably implicated. Now, do you know where this drummer is stopping?"

"I do not. I didn't suspect he was in town, for I haven't seen him. He stops at a hotel of this class."

"Then we'll go and look for him at the Hawley, and if he isn't there we'll try the Forest City. If we want to catch him with the goods we have no time to lose."

Andy and the detective started for the Hawley House. They examined the register and interrogated the clerk, and came to the conclusion that Cox wasn't stopping there, so they proceeded to the Forest City Hotel. Here they found Bentley Cox on the register.

"Is the gentleman in?" asked the officer.

The clerk looked at the key box and said that Cox was in his room.

"Have us shown up, please."

A bellboy was called and Andy and the detective were taken up to the drummer's room. They heard voices inside. The detective opened the door and walked in, without knocking, followed by Andy. In the room were Cox, Mulligan and Atkins, and on the bed stood Andy's sample case. Nothing could have happened better. The rascally trio was cornered with the goods. The

crooks recognized the detective, and Cox recognized Andy. They were taken completely by surprise, and uttered exclamations of consternation.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

Knowing that the crooks were dangerous men when driven into a corner, the detective drew his revolver.

"Hands up, all of you! I arrest you in the name of the law!" he said.

"What does this mean?" gurgled Cox, with chalky countenance.

"It means that you are caught with the goods, Mr. Cox," replied Andy.

"What goods?"

"My sample case. There it is on your bed. How do you account for it being in your possession?"

"I have nothing to do with that case. It belongs to one of these men."

"What!" roared Mulligan. "Are you trying to sneak out of this thing by laying the blame on us? We give in, Duffy," addressing the detective, "and we're ready to take our medicine, but we won't go to jail alone. That chap goes with us," pointing at the cowering Cox. "He hired us to pinch that sample case. I can prove it by the letter he sent me."

He felt in his pockets in vain.

"I've lost it!" he cried.

"And I found it," said Andy. "The officer has it in his pocket."

"Has he? Good! Now, you white-livered sneak," turning to Cox, "you'll get what's coming to you. Jerry and me'll testify against you whether we gain anything by it or not. We'll see that you get a striped suit, and when we get to prison with you, we'll make the place so hot for you, you'll wish you were dead."

When crooks fall out, honest people come into their own. It so happened in this case. At the examination next morning, Mulligan and Atkins exposed the whole scheme, and their testimony was corroborated by Cox's letter. The drummer had nothing to say in his own behalf. He was already convicted, and he knew it. Eventually the three were tried. Cox got the full penalty of five years, while the two crooks, in spite of their bad records, got only three each in consideration of their evidence. Thus Gulick & Co.'s rascally drummer disappears from our story.

Andy did a big business in Cleveland and then went on to Sandusky and from there to Toledo. After finishing up at the latter city he worked down through Central Ohio with great success. He finally reached Portsmouth, where his trip ended, and he started back for New York perfectly satisfied that he had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of Mr. Dexter. He reached New York one morning and went directly to the store. He was expected and was received with open arms, so to speak, for he had made a great record for a first trip.

"You are a regular money-maker, Briggs," said Mr. Dexter. "I may say, though, I expected you would make good; in a way you have proved a great surprise to me."

"I am glad you are pleased with my efforts. I tried to do my best, sir," said Andy, his face glowing under the tribute from his employer.

"You have done as well as any of my experienced travelers—better, in fact, than one or two of them. This is saying a great deal for you of itself; but you deserve more credit, for a part of your territory was pretty well covered by my greatest business rival, and you have captured considerable of his business, thereby laying a good foundation for future effort over the same route."

Mr. Dexter took Andy to Delmonico's to lunch, and treated him just as he would his star salesman.

"You'll put in your time at the store till I am ready to send you out again over another route," said Mr. Dexter, as they left the restaurant. "Report to Mr. Allen in the morning."

Andy went to his former boarding house, found his old room just vacated and took it, giving an order to a transfer company to fetch his trunk up from the store. Next day he got off an hour for the purpose of calling on Mr. Baldwin. That gentleman gave him a cordial welcome.

"My daughter is all right again, and is eagerly watching for your return to the city. You must call on us to-morrow night," said the merchant.

Andy promised to do so and kept his word. Nellie Baldwin was delighted to meet him again, and Andy thought she looked prettier than when he first met her. He passed a pleasant evening in her company and was invited to call soon again. He did call soon, for he was greatly taken with the young lady, and his visits became regular weekly events until he was sent out on a new route, south. During this trip he corresponded regularly with Nellie, and the letters that passed between them afforded the recipients great pleasure.

Andy's southern trip took him through many States, and he met with many more or less curious experiences. On his way back he traveled through western Virginia. Laying over Sunday at a certain small city, he heard about a deserted old war-time mansion that stood near the road, six or seven miles out in the country. He decided to visit it, as he was told it was well worth an inspection. The property had been put up for sale by the county several times to satisfy unpaid taxes, but nobody seemed to care to bid on it, and so it stood a relic of former prosperity, without an owner. Andy hired a rig and drove out there on Sunday afternoon. The ground had gone to seed and was covered with rank vegetation. He hitched his horse to a post and entered the building, which he investigated from roof to cellar with considerable interest. In the dining-room he was attracted by a wide-open fireplace, which had once been a handsome piece of work, the wide border of the woodwork being decorated with biblical subjects now almost obliterated. While examining it, he suddenly heard the click of a spring. One of the panels slid back, revealing an aperture. In this hole lay a dozen bags of money, which had evidently been concealed there by the owner during the troublous days of the Rebellion. Andy was greatly astonished by this discovery. He examined one of the bags and found it contained \$5,000 in gold coin.

As all the bags were alike, the young sales-

man estimated that the total sum amounted to \$60,000. Who did it belong to? Nobody, apparently, and he felt he could claim it by right of discovery. Accordingly, he removed the bags to his buggy and carried them to his hotel, stopping on the way to buy two bags to put his find in. He secured a stout box from the steward of the hotel and nailed his treasure up in it. Next day he handed the box over to one of the big express companies to transport to New York. It arrived some time before he did and was waiting in the cellar of the store for him to claim it. He revealed the nature of the contents of the box to Mr. Dexter, and told the astonished merchant how he came in possession of it.

The merchant advised him to tell nobody else about the money, but to turn it over to a big trust company in exchange for several gilt-edged mortgages. Andy followed his advice, and thus came into an assured annual income of about \$3,000, in addition to his growing salary as a successful salesman. We have not the space to follow Andy's path up the ladder of success. What he accomplished on his first trip showed his caliber, and each succeeding trip boosted him in his employer's estimation. When he returned from his sixth semi-annual trip he asked Mr. Baldwin for the hand of his daughter and received a favorable reply. Six months later he and Nellie were married, and with that happy event we will close the history of a born salesman.

Next week's issue will contain "DICK DALTON, YOUNG BANKER; or, CORNERING THE WALL STREET 'SHARKS.'"

THE SMALLEST OF SCREWS

The smallest screws in the world—those turned out in a watch factory—are cut from steel wire by a machine, but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator were simply cutting up the wire to amuse himself. No screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to an inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen clearly.

These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It is estimated that an ordinary thimble would hold 100,000 of them. About 1,000,000 are made in a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them.

In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance and the number of the whole amount is calculated from the weight of this. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably 50 out of the 120.

The screws are then hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight, so that a blind man could do it as well as the owner of the sharpest eye. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time

CURRENT NEWS

UMPIRED POLO GAME FROM AIRPLANE

Kelly Field Texas, has produced the last word in umpires. In a recent game of polo between a team from Kelly and one from Camp Travis a DH-4B machine, piloted by Lieut. Harry L. Spec, U. S. A., with Lieut. Benton A. Doyle, U. S. A., as observer, took off and after circling the grounds a few times sent a radio message to the ground asking: "Is the Camp Travis team wearing purple?" The answer was, "Yes," and with this information the observer was able to follow the game from an altitude of 7,500 feet. The entire game was reported by Lieut. Doyle by radio to the ground. Such team play errors as "bashing" and "failure to cover man," together with other features of the play apparently undetected by the authorities on the ground were reported by the air umpire, says the Army Recruiting News. This is probably the first time in the history of sports that a polo match has been umpired from an airplane.

WONDERFUL STRENGTH

In proportion to size, man is one of the weakest animals on the earth. The muscles of a large-sized oyster will support a weight of thirty-seven pounds. There is a crab that will lift 492 times its own weight. This is equivalent of an average size man raising 73,800 pounds. Felix Flateau, a Belgian scientist, who made many experiments, found that the strength of a fly which was able to lift a match-stick compared with a man's supporting with his feet a beam 14 feet long and 2 feet 6 inches square. There is a little bug that can drag six matches, equivalent to a man's pulling 330 beams as big as himself. To measure the strength of insects Flateau constructed delicate harness to a weighing machine. By prod-
ding the insects he made them move. Then he piled on weights until they stopped. By this means he found that a bee, weight for weight, was thirty times as strong as a horse.

BOXED LUNCHEONS BEAT RESTAURANTS

The "Luncheonette," a combined home-made, store-made lunch box for the use of office workers who are fighting in the "Carry-Your-Own-Lunch" fight against prevailing restaurant prices, has appeared. In a downtown store where office supplies are sold part of one window has been given over to the use of an enterprising organization which prepares and boxes thirty cent lunches.

In the midst of a display of fountain pens and note books a neat, white coated and capped maiden daily prepares the sandwiches which, with other eatables, go into a box and form a thirty cent "luncheonette." Different lunches are prepared daily, but always they include two sandwiches, a cookie, pie or pastry, and some fruit.

Here is the menu for the first day of this week: One chicken salad sandwich, one ham sandwich, one sugar cookie, one large chocolate eclair and one peach.

Judging by the steady rush of customers, a lot of office workers prefer to pay a small sum for a boxed luncheon rather than go to the trouble of bringing one from home.

HIGH MOUNTAIN PEAKS

Colorado easily holds the record as being the banner State in the country for the largest number of high mountain peaks. According to statistics recently issued by the Colorado Mountain Club that State has forty-two of the fifty-five highest named peaks in the United States. The minimum height of mountains included in the list is 14,000 feet. The highest peak in Colorado is Mount Elbert, which is credited by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey with a height of 14,419 feet. It is only exceeded by Mount Whitney in California, the highest peak in the country, having an altitude of 14,501 feet. After Mount Elbert comes Mount Rainier in the State of Washington, 14,408 feet. Mount Massive, in Colorado, ranks fourth, 14,404 feet, and Blanco Peak in the same State is fifth, 14,390 feet.

Recent measurements, says the Colorado Mountain Club, have reduced the elevations of Mount of the Holy Cross and Buckskin Mountain, placing them below the 14,000 foot class. The name of Crestone has been given to the peak formerly known as Three Tetons, and Glacier Mountain has been named Mount Wilson, these two peaks being respectively seventeenth and thirty-sixth in the Colorado list.

THE WARNING WHISTLE

The latest instance of ingenuity as applied to automobile accessories consists of a casing connecting the pump connection with the tire valve and having a sounding chamber communicating with the main air passage by a small opening which is closed by a valve. This valve is held upon its seat by a graduated spring, mounted in the sounding chamber, and the cover of the sounding chamber has an opening covered by a harmonic vibrating reed.

In using this device it is first set to the required pressure by removing the cover of the sounding chamber and shifting the graduated spring around its center until the section adjusted for the pressure desired covers the valve and holds it to its seat. After replacing the cover, the indicator is screwed on the valve of the tire and the air supply hose attached. The pump is then started and kept going until the reed in the cover of the indicator starts the warning that the proper pressure has been reached in the tire.

The action is simple. The spring having been set for a certain pressure, the valve connecting with the main passage will be held upon its seat by the spring as long as the pressure in the tire is less than the predetermined amount. But as soon as the desired pressure is exceeded, the pressure in the main passage will overcome the pressure of the spring, the valve will be lifted from its seat, and air will pass into the sounding chamber and will set the reed into vibration, thereby giving the warning whistle to the person at the pump.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVII (Continued)

"I confess I don't know what to make of it," said Hawley.

After some debate, however, they resolved to obey the warning given, for Joe felt that the writing would not have been dropped unless the writer meant what he wrote.

On they pushed, therefore, to an isolated ice cap that uplifted itself above the plain level. This was the first of other irregularities beyond that increased as the first mountain range was reached.

From Hawley's discovery it was found that the pole was located on an elevated snow plateau of unknown dimensions. In the direction of their return route no mountains were encountered until fifty or more miles retreat was covered.

They neared the ice peak and Hawley saw, as he half hoped, that other footprints than his own here joined the trail previously made by Joe and Madge after making their last cache.

The wind which had risen again now whipped into their faces, making them draw down their hoods as the icy pellets of snow struck them not unlike small shot.

The trail wound about the foot of the ice cap. As they pulled at their sled wearily, there came a sharp command in a heavy, hoarse tone:

"Halt! Hands up or we fire!"

Hawley was almost paralyzed with surprise. Madge screamed slightly.

In their path were three men in polar garb, who presented loaded rifles in a menacing manner.

Somewhat to the rear was a fourth figure.

"Up with your arms!" sharply interrupted the middle figure, a huge, burly man, with rounded shoulders, and a face so hidden as to be practically masked.

Looking into three leveled barrels, our two friends saw nothing for it but to obey. Up went their hands.

The big man stepped forward, saying to his companions:

"One of you watch the chap behind. Don't let up on these two either."

So saying he quietly took away all the firearms he could find on Joe and Madge, and also their death knives.

All this time the three carefully kept their faces hidden, though Hawley already fancied he could tell who they were.

"You are Ben Rucker," said he boldly.

"What's that to you? Your business is to obey orders, and keep your mouth trap shut—see?"

The fourth figure had been sidling toward the group, and now wheeled suddenly, snowing to Joe

and Madge the wasted yet indomitable face of Doctor Carr.

"Right you are, Hawley," called the surgeon. "It's Rucker, Shouse and——"

"Keep still!" shouted the one who had turned back at the middle man's command.

With his back still toward his two friends he bestowed on Carr a laborious wink, managing to repeat it after noting the doctor's evident amazement.

The latter said no more, but held himself ready for any further emergency. Ostensibly he was still under the other's leveled gun.

Having disarmed Hawley and Madge, the middle man proceeded to bind their hands, taking Joe first. But when he would have done likewise to the girl, she sprang forward and seized the flap of his hood.

A quick jerk and pull, and the man's head and face stood revealed.

"I knew I was right," said Joe quietly.

Rucker, for it was the man himself, scowled viciously as he replaced his hood. But both Madge and Joe saw that the face of the overbearing first mate was strangely thin and gaunt.

"If I did not like you, Madge," he growled in a low voice, "I would resent your rudeness."

"Talk to me, you brute," exclaimed Hawley. "Miss Barclay and I are in the same boat, so to speak. If you were a man, or half a man, you will untie my hands long enough to give you a sound thrashing for your behavior to a—a girl."

"I won't untie you—see? I'll untie Madge—when I get ready. Meantime, I want a square meal. You've got grub, I know, though goodness knows how or where you got it, or stole it. But me and my mates want our share. If the doctor is good, he may chip in for a meal? Is that all right, Doc?"

Rucker's manner was both sincere and reserved. But his purpose was soon evident.

Notwithstanding all objections, he unpacked the sled and presently laid out some eatables, at sight of which his companions looked on ravenously.

"Come on, Shouse. Take down your hoods, you and Joy," exclaimed Rucker, looking more like a wild beast than ever. "We've trudged many a mile for this. Let's eat while times are good, and ask questions later on, when our stomachs are full."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Starved Rescuers.

The man who had winked furtively at Doctor Carr turned out to be Boatswain Joy. Nor was this the first time that Joy had secretly intimated to the doctor that his sympathies were with the under dog—that is, the surgeon.

When the eruption on Mt. Erebus occurred, and neither Hawley nor his fair companion returned, they were given up for lost.

This was at the headquarters near the western base of the volcano. While they were debating Rucker came in, having concluded to rejoin the exploring party. This big, strong, restless man was, in fact, moved by two dominating motives.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

DRUNKEN SWINE GIVE CLUE

A drove of intoxicated hogs gave Prohibition officers the clue that led to seizure of a giant still and arrest of two men in Letcher County, Ky. Returning from an expedition through the Cumberland River headwaters, Officers James Toliver, Felix G. Fields and John G. W. Collins reported destruction of six stills. The largest was found in a dark ravine near the mountain top. Officers ran across a bunch of hogs cutting weird capers. A search revealed a modern outfit near by. Joseph Riggs was arrested at the still. Henry Sutgrill also was taken into custody. The hogs had been drinking beer and refuse from the still.

BOY HANGS HIMSELF WHILE EXERCISING

Henry C. Ware, Jr., 16 years old, son of Henry C. Ware, secretary of the Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, accidentally hanged himself with an exercising apparatus the other night in his home at 5 Glenwood avenue, Orange, N. J., while his family chatted with visitors downstairs. His body was found by his mother.

The apparatus consisted of a strap which went around his neck, attached to a rope which led through a pulley attached to the ceiling. The rope was long enough to permit the other end of the rope to dangle within reach of Ware's hands. By pulling on the end of the rope with his hands the strap around his neck would lift him from the floor. The rope got caught at the pulley and left him dangling four feet from the floor, where he strangled to death.

OUR LATEST BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS

Our latest battleships of the "Indiana" class, of 43,200 tons displacement and 23 knots speed, carrying twelve 16-inch guns, will be electrically driven. The turbines of 60,000 combined horsepower will develop their full rated load at 265 pounds pressure, 50 degrees superheat, and 28 1-2 revolutions per minute. The six new battle cruisers of 43,500 horse-power and 35 knots speed carrying eight 16-inch guns, will also be driven electrically. Two of them, the "Ranger" and the "Constellation" will carry four Westinghouse turbines of 49,750 brake horse-power, the current from which will be developed on eight Westinghouse motors, each of 22,500 horse-power.

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKE AND VOLCANO

Great earthquakes, says the Scientific American, are mostly from one of two causes—the shrinking of the earth due largely to cooling, or the effects of volcanic action. Both of these effects must persist as long as the causes are active.

In the long future both causes will cease to be active, and earthquakes must cease. But no scientist would say in years when that time will come. Certainly not in our time. Geology reckons time in thousands and in millions of years, and earthquakes may occur for the time and each year. It is estimated that there are 10,000 earthquakes a year which are large enough to be per-

ceived by the senses, and an almost innumerable number of lesser tremors which are too small to be perceived.

Most of our earthquakes are due to the cooling of the earth and the shrinkage of its strata from cooling. The result is the breaking, folding and slipping of the strata upon each other. A slip of but a short distance will produce a large effect upon buildings and the earth's surface. A motion of a fifth of an inch, it is said, will throw chimneys down.

The greater part of the United States seems to be free from violent earthquakes, but in the past there have been great earthquakes in several regions. In 1811-1812 a series was felt in the Lower Mississippi Valley which has been characterized as "of world-shaking order." The last considerable earthquake in the East was the Charleston earthquake in 1886. These facts seem to indicate that severe shocks are not as common as a century and more ago.

The great earthquake regions of the earth lie in two circles, one surrounding the Pacific Ocean and the other lying nearly east and west around the earth through the Mediterranean, Southern Asia, the East and the West Indies.

HIS BEST RELATION

By Mary Leon

I've got lots of relatives,
Uncles, aunts, and such,
Brothers, sisters, cousins, too,
And like them very much.

But the one I like the best of all
Is one I never saw;
I know it's funny, but it's 'cause
He's so good to my paw.

My paw, he calls him Uncle Sam;
Says he's my uncle, too;
That's queer, but right I know, because
My paw says always true.

Paw he gets letters from this man
Most every once in a while;
And when he sees the envelope
It always makes him smile.

For he sees straight through the letter,
And says: "Well, I expect
That this here letter now contains
Your Uncle Samuel's check.

For interest on my Vict'ry Bonds;
And now, small son of mine,
Put on your cap and come along
I'll get you something fine."

I don't know what a coupon is.
Nor checks nor interest.
But I know of all my relatives
My Uncle Sam is best.

— Ray W. S. S. —

A SLIPPERY SCOUNDREL

By JOHN SHERMAN.

A few days ago I chanced to read a paragraph in a paper concerning a certain New York politician who was once a prominent official here and who has since been compelled to seek a home in a foreign land. The man referred to was Slippery Dick. I once knew another customer who was called Slippery Dick, but he was famed as one of the ablest burglars in the country. And wasn't Dick Duncan a slippery scoundrel—in more ways than one?

He was an ugly looking rascal. Had he lived in the present day he would be called a dude, as he generally aped the Cockney style of dress. And wasn't he a great favorite with the silly girls? When I first met Dick Duncan he was a bookkeeper in a hardware store in New York and he was regarded as a respectable young man. The firm deemed it wise to investigate his accounts and Dick became so indignant that he left the city in disgust, taking some thousands of dollars and a trusting young girl named Jane Morton along with him.

Ten years after his disappearance a care-worn looking lady called on me. The lady was poor Jane Morton of other days.

"You recognize me, Mr. Fox?" she said, and her voice shook.

"Yes, Miss—Mrs. Duncan, but I heard that you were dead."

"And I am dead to the world—to every one save yourself. Oh, sir, will you not help me to be avenged on one of the most infamous scoundrels that ever lived?"

"To whom do you allude?"

"To my husband—Richard Duncan—to the man who believes that he has murdered me and that I will never trouble him again."

"What can I do for you? State your case to me."

She soon set about telling me her story. When she ran away with Dick Duncan she did not know he was a thief and he made her his wife before they left New York. Asserting that he had a fortune left him by some relatives in Scotland, they set sail for Liverpool, but the rascal took her to London instead of Scotland. Soon after arriving there she learned that he had joined a gang of burglars and she left him, procuring a place for herself as seamstress in a wealthy London family who had a country seat outside of the city. Several months after leaving her husband Jane went out to the country seat with the family. Very soon after the house was entered by burglars, who made off with a large quantity of valuables.

The master and servants gave chase to the burglars, and one of the rascals was captured and proved to be Dick Duncan.

He was tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for twenty-one years. Jane saw her husband, in the dock, but she did not pretend to know him. Years afterward the former seamstress became the companion of the young lady of the house, who was very charming as well as a rich heiress.

They all settled at the country seat again and

the master of the house brought an officer, Captain Cameron, down from London, who stated that he was formerly in the United States Army. Jane met him out on the lawn on the first evening of his visit and she at once recognized him as her convict husband. And the recognition was mutual.

"I have been looking for you ever since I returned here, my dear wife," he said, "and I now want you to go off to the Continent with me, where we can live in luxury."

"I will never live with you again," she replied.

"Then you will die with me!" cried the villain as he struck her on the temple and hurled her into the deep river. Though half stunned by the cruel blow, Jane recovered her senses soon after touching the water. Realizing that if she made an outcry her villainous husband would spring in after her and finish the work, she kept herself afloat and looked up. The cowardly wretch fled from the spot immediately. Swimming along with the current, she managed to crawl out at length.

Having regained her breath she walked on until she reached a farmhouse some miles from the villa. She fell fainting at the door of the farmhouse, and the woman of the house placed her in bed. Jane did not awake until next morning and then she heard startling news. The villa had been robbed again and the master himself had been murdered in his bed.

"Just think of it," said the farmer's wife, "that the leader of the burglars should come down there pretending to be a real captain, and who do you think was his companion in crime?"

"I'm sure I can't say," said Jane, trembling with apprehension.

"His own wife, who was the trusted companion of the lady of the house. It all came from one of the villains, who was mortally wounded and caught. He confessed before he died."

Poor Jane made up a story that she lived in London and that she was out in a small boat with friends when it capsized.

She did not dare go back to her friends again, for how was she to disprove the grave charge against her? Fortunately she had her purse in her pocket and hired the farmer's wagon to bear her to London that evening. Changing her appearance as much as possible she sought lodgings in the city.

The savings of years were deposited in a London bank under an assumed name; she had no trouble in drawing the money.

"After that, Mr. Fox," she continued, "I had but one object in life. You must readily guess what that object is."

"To bring your scoundrel of a husband to justice, I suppose."

"That is what I live for. That is what brought me back to New York."

"And he does not suspect that you are still alive?"

"He hasn't the slightest suspicion of it. Will you aid me in hunting him down? I have to warn you that he is a slippery scoundrel, as well as a desperate fellow. I can reward you, and my young lady friend, who is in this city at present, will also richly reward you for assisting in the punishment of her father's murderer."

"Did the young lady or her friends ever suspect that you were the wife of a convict?"

"Oh, no. I told them that I was the widow of an American mate; and that I had run away with him from home here."

"I see. Is Dick Duncan much changed in appearance?"

"He is, and he is very clever at disguises also. I would hardly have known him but for his nose and his villainous eyes. Oh, that I should ever care for such a wretch!"

"I will undertake the job."

"When?"

"This very instant. Draw down your veil and come along."

Proceeding to a livery stable I engaged a carriage driven by a cunning fellow named Jake Powell, who had often assisted me in tracking down evil-doers. Jake drove up Broadway to the neighborhood where the eager woman had last seen her wicked husband. We drove up and down for over an hour but we did not get a glimpse of Slippery Dick Duncan.

Jane put on male attire, as well as a pair of whiskers. One evening, as we were passing along Bleeker street, which was then inhabited by some of our old wealthy families, we heard a loud voice raised in anger issuing from a basement. I stopped to listen, as did Jane. It was a woman's voice and she was crying out in a harsh, shrill tone: "Do you imagine I do not know you, you scoundrel?"

"Indeed, you are very much mistaken, my good woman," replied a man's voice in milder strains.

"The impudence of you to tell me that to my face!" cried the old woman as she shook her clenched hand in the fellow's face; "you are a robber and you are sneaking about here after Mary so as to get a chance to rob the house. But I will denounce you; I will have you arrested. Police—police!"

The old woman was about to spring to the door, when the smiling rascal let fly with his left hand, struck her a hard blow on the temple and knocked her on the floor. I sprang to the door on the instant and I had my hand on his shoulder before he could turn around to retreat as I cried:

"You are my prisoner, Dick Duncan!"

"This is too much!" cried Dick. "Are you an officer?"

"I am, and my name is Fox. You may remember that I boarded in a house on Hudson street ten years ago, and——"

Before I could utter another word the fellow let fly at me with fearful force and I was sent sprawling over the woman.

He then rushed for the door. His disguised wife stood there before him, pistol in hand, as she cried:

"Surrender, you scoundrel, or I will kill you, as you killed Mr. Marlow and tried to kill me! I am your wife, Jane Morton!" The fellow started back for an instant, uttered a cry of surprise, then darted over me to the inner door and dashed out into the entry leading up-stairs, crying: "By George, but this is a surprise! I must give them the slip."

Dick Duncan escaped me that evening and I

didn't see anything of him for a year after, although he was in the city during the time and working at his business-like a beaver.

His wife never grew tired of hunting him down. One day she ran into my office, fearfully agitated as she cried:

"I have him again!"

"Where is he?"

"He is down in a vessel at the foot of Burling Slip, and he's disguised as a sailor. The vessel is about to sail for Liverpool. Hasten and disguise yourself or he will give us the slip again." Hiring a small boat, we pushed out and I addressed the captain at once, saying:

"You have a sailor on board here who is wanted on shore."

"Which one?" asked the captain as I showed him my badge.

"The man came on board sober an hour ago." I said as I took a rapid glance at the busy sailors. "Still the man we want is not on deck."

At that moment a cry rang out: "Man overboard! man overboard!" I sprang to the side of the vessel and my companion sprang with me. We could see a man in the water, swimming along with the tide about twenty yards below the vessel.

"'Tis the slippery scoundrel!" cried the disguised woman; "and he is trying escape us."

"Get into the boat and we'll go after the rascal!" I cried.

We were in the boat as soon as possible.

We were gaining on him as he neared the dock, when the woman cried: "He'll escape again, the slippery scoundrel! I'll shoot him!" Drawing a pistol as she spoke, Jane took aim and fired at her husband. The rascal flung up his hands, uttered a cry of agony and disappeared beneath the water.

We watched around for two hours, but he did not appear again. Still, the vengeful wife would not make up her mind that he was dead. As she became very crazy from her troubles I had her consigned to an insane asylum near the city. One morning as I approached the asylum I noticed a crowd of people gathered around some objects in the grounds outside the wall. "What's the matter over there?" I asked a man hastening toward me.

"Two of the inmates of the asylum," he replied, "a man and a woman, have just been found dead over there. They must have murdered each other, as they were locked together in a deadly embrace."

I looked at the woman and I recognized my old girl friend at once. I then turned to look at the dead man and I exclaimed: "Good heavens! but this is strange. It is her rascally husband!" It was Slippery Dick Duncan without a doubt, and he had been choked to death by his much-injured wife, who had also perished in the fatal struggle. I could never make out how they had both left the building on the previous night, but I was informed by an old burglar acquaintance that Dick had never been in his right mind after escaping from the water with a bullet in his head. He was sent to the asylum by some of his burglar friends.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FAMOUS VETERAN A FARMER

Sergeant-Major J. Kelly, V. C. Veteran of the Afghan, Egyptian, Boer and great wars, aged 65 years, has taken a homestead on Cortez Island, B. C. He won his Victoria Cross in 1879 in Afghanistan. He came to Canada in 1900, and went to Europe in the last war with the First Division.

BIG WAGES FOR CORN CUTTERS

Corn cutters in Waynesboro, Pa., are being paid from 15 to 18 cents a shock. With corn standing straight and unmarred by damaging storms, a laborer can and does cut anywhere from forty to sixty shocks of corn a day, netting a daily wage of from \$6 to \$9. Some make as high as \$12 a day.

USED COWS TO CUT GRASS

Residents of Bellefonte, Pa., have been greatly shocked to learn that cows have been pastured in the beautiful Union Cemetery, where lie the remains of three Governors of the State, Senators, Congressmen, Judges and many others of prominence. An investigation revealed that the caretaker, who is paid for keeping the grass cut in the cemetery, has been pasturing his cows in the home of the dead.

ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF RED BOOTY TAKEN BY POLES

President Pilsudski is at the northern front personally commanding the drive which it is announced has resulted in the complete defeat of sixteen Russian Bolshevik divisions. The staffs of the 3d and 4th Bolshevik Armies have been captured, and the staffs of the 21st, 41st, 55th and 57 Divisions and of several brigades and regiments also have been taken prisoners. The total number of prisoners is given at 42,000.

Guns to the number of 166 have been captured, and in addition 900 machine guns, 1,800 armored cars, seven armored trains, three airplanes, twenty-one locomotives, 2,500 wagons, ten motor cars and great stores of ammunition and other materials which the Bolshevik had assembled for a fall drive against the Poles have been taken.

OKLAHOMA CLAIMS OLDEST WOMAN VOTER

Woman suffrage was received with no more delight by any woman in the State than by Mrs. Elizabeth Davison, Lake township, Comanche county, who is probably the oldest voter in the State of Oklahoma and probably in the United States. Mrs. Davison, who is 110 years old, registered for the first time at the registration preceding the recent primary.

"Grandma" Davison, as she is better known, is taking an active interest in politics, especially in the candidacy of Elmer Thomas, candidate for Congress from the Sixth District, with whom she has been close friends for many years. "Grandma" Davison lives in the Wichita Mountains, a short distance above Medicine Park.

She was born in Scotland in 1810. She came with her parents to the United States and located in Tennessee. Later she moved to Texas and at the opening in 1901, came to Oklahoma to take up a homestead. Mrs. Davison is remarkably active for her age. She registered as a Democrat at the recent registration.

LAUGHS

Mrs. Benton Holme—Why, Tommy, you're a perfect little pig. Now, aren't you sorry you ate so much roast beef? Tommy—Yes'm; cause I ain't got any room left for another plate of ice cream.

"So they threw cabbages and other vegetables at you in all the towns the company played. The tour must have been a failure." "No, a profitable success. The manager converted us into vegetarians, and we didn't have a single restaurant bill."

A West Virginia ducky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De copardnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

More than five thousand elephants a year go to make your piano keys," remarked the student boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac. "Ain't it wonderful," exclaimed the landlady, "what some animals can be trained to do?"

"Ha, my dear," advised the old country woman, "don't you marry rashly. You keep your weather eye open, like I did when I was a girl." "But I love him," said the simple village maid. "Pooh!" sniffed the adviser. "Now, you take example of me. You see this cottage of mine? Well, I got it fixed up for practically nothing." "Oh," said the village maid, without enthusiasm. She was thinking of Jeames. "And how did you manage it?" "Why, dearie," responded the good woman, "I was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then I broke it off and married the plumber."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

CAVERNS REVEALED BY BLAST

Caverns which may exceed in extent those of Luray were discovered on the farm of Edward Hutzell, ten miles from Waynesboro, Pa., by workmen blasting for stone to repair the Keedysville road. One courageous laborer entered about twenty-five feet, and came back with the report that he looked down into "a room approximately fifty feet in height."

RAISING TWO MILLION BABY TREES

From the moment the tiny seeds are placed in beds until the bedraggled "monarch" of the forest yields to the storm and stress of years, trees are not impervious to the undermining depredations of insects and rodents. Mindful of this fact, Uncle Sam establishes safeguards around the seed bed as well as jealously guards the grown-up trees in the National forests.

Acreage devoted to sprouting young trees for transplanting 7,000 acres of land annually is covered with fine screening as a protecting influence against insects and rodents that would uproot the otherwise promising crop. A type of screen recently devised for this purpose is so constructed that the sides as well as the top are detachable, thus permitting of storage in compact space when the screening is not in use.

Seeds selected for perpetuating the National forests are assembled by the U. S. Forest Service the previous fall for planting the following spring. Germination tests are first made to determine the vitality of the seed, after which they are sown in beds at a rate sufficient to yield about 150 trees to the square foot.

Ordinarily, Uncle Sam replenishes his diminishing stock of trees in the National forests at a rate of 1,000 young trees to the acre. Couple this fact with the production of 150 trees to the square foot in the seed bed and you can calculate the mileage of screenings used in safeguarding the plant life from its enemies. The seeds are brought to fruition in large nurseries, with a capacity for producing about 2,000,000 plants.

FIRST BATHTUB IN AMERICA

Like other great reforms, physical and intellectual, the bathtub had to fight its way onward and upward in spite of the habits of mankind. Baths flourished in the ancient Roman civilization, but cleanliness lost out in the Dark Ages. There has ever been a natural aversion to soap and water in combination in the human family, stronger the further north peoples have lived.

The first bathtub in the United States, an exchange says, was built in Cincinnati and installed in a home there in 1842. It was made of mahogany lined with sheet lead and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. Next day it was denounced in the Cincinnati papers as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Then came the medical men and declared it a menace

to health. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1 and March 15 by ordinance. Virginia taxed bathtubs \$30 a year. In 1845 Boston made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician, and President Fillmore installed the first one ever in the White House.

These things seem incredible in an age when transient hotel accommodations include a bathroom, but sanitation is a recent development. A southern Ohio lawyer went to Columbus a few years ago, and when he registered at the hotel the clerk asked him if he wanted a room with bath. The guest thoughtfully rubbed the stubble on his chin and replied: "No; I'll be home by Saturday." The other is that of a newly rich lady who was showing a friend of her days of poverty the very elaborate bathroom in her new home. It was a sizzling hot August night. "La, how you must enjoy that tub!" she exclaimed. "Indeed I do," was the response. "I can hardly wait for Saturday night to come!"

We are sufficiently civilized to be for the bathtub—with reservations; the chief one being an instinctive sympathy with the Frenchman who thanked God he had never insulted his skin by putting cold water on it.

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GOOD READING

WOMAN WITH 14 DOGS TO FEED ASKS
REDUCTION IN TAXES

Mayor Frank Feist, of Steubenville, Ohio, has had a pathetic appeal from a woman who says she has to work hard to support fourteen dogs, for nine of which she pays license fees, and she feels financially unable to pay a tax on the other five, which are menaced by the dog catcher. She asks that they may be exempted.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT'S HAPPY END

Quite a number of folks in Manning, Ia., who ordinarily could not have a supply of liquor on hand, because of the Volstead Enforcement Act, now are well supplied as a result of a railroad wreck near here several nights ago, says a dispatch from that city. Wine flowed freely from a tank car that sprang a leak, and news of the supply spread quickly. Pots, pans, buckets and other receptacles, hastily commandeered by Manning residents, were brought into play to catch the liquor as it ran from the car. In a fight that followed one man armed with an axe was seriously cut by another who used a knife as his weapon.

COFFIN PACKED WITH BOTTLES OF
WHISKY

Federal Prohibition enforcement agents were reported recently to have sent out an alarm to try to catch the driver of an automobile hearse which, according to railroad employees in Harmon, N. Y., has been carrying liquor through that section.

For several weeks troopers of the State Constabulary have been searching automobiles in Harmon, Croton and nearby places. The result is that several loads of booze were seized. The traffickers have resorted to all sorts of tricks to move the liquor up-State.

Railroad employees reported that they inspected a motor hearse and found a casket inside with a wreath of flowers on top. When the chauffeur lifted the lid the casket proved to be packed with bottles of whisky. Railroad men notified Conductor William Gale that the authorities had seized the hearse between Harmon and Peekskill, but Lieut. Charles Broadfield of the State Constabulary declared he had received no notice of this so far. Whether Federal authorities seized a hearse could not be learned.

WHAT ARE THE SOUNDS WE HEAR IN A
SHELL?

The sounds we hear in the sea shell are really air waves or sounds made by air waves, because all sounds are produced by air waves.

The reason you can hear these sounds in a sea shell is because the shell is so constructed that it forms a natural sounding box. The wooden part of a guitar, zither or violin is a sounding box. They have the faculty of picking up the sounds and making them stronger. We call them "resonators," because they make sounds resound. The construction of a sea shell makes an almost

perfect resonator. A perfect resonator will pick up sounds which the human ear cannot hear at all and magnify them so that if you hold a resonator to the ear you can hear sounds you could not otherwise hear. Ear trumpets for the deaf are built upon this principle.

Sometimes when you, with your ear alone, think something is absolutely quiet, you can pick up a sea shell and hear sounds in it. But the sea shell will magnify any sound that reaches it.

It would be possible, of course, to take a sea shell to a place where it would be absolutely quiet and then there would be no sounds.

There are such places, but very few of them. A room can be built which is absolutely sound-proof.—Book of Wonders.

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HAWAIIAN NATIVES BECOMING EXTINCT

Hawaii's native race will be extinct in seventy-five years if the ratio of births and deaths set by the official figures for the fiscal year 1919-20 is maintained. This is indicated by the report of Dr. F. E. Trotter, president of the Territorial Board of Health, which shows that during the year the deaths of pure blooded Hawaiians totalled 1,000 while there were 676 births.

There are approximately 25,000 pure blooded Hawaiians living on the Hawaiian Islands, according to estimates. Reports for past years show decreases in their numbers.

In marked contrast with the evidence that the Hawaiians are members of a "dying race" are the vital statistics dealing with those who represent mixtures of Hawaiian with Caucasian and Asiatic blood.

Of the Caucasian - Hawaiians 249 died during the last fiscal year, while there were 699 births in that section of the Territory's population. The Asiatic - Hawaiian strain—principally Chinese-Hawaiian—recorded 103 deaths and 491 births.

The natural increase in the Japanese population of the Territory during the year was 3,366.

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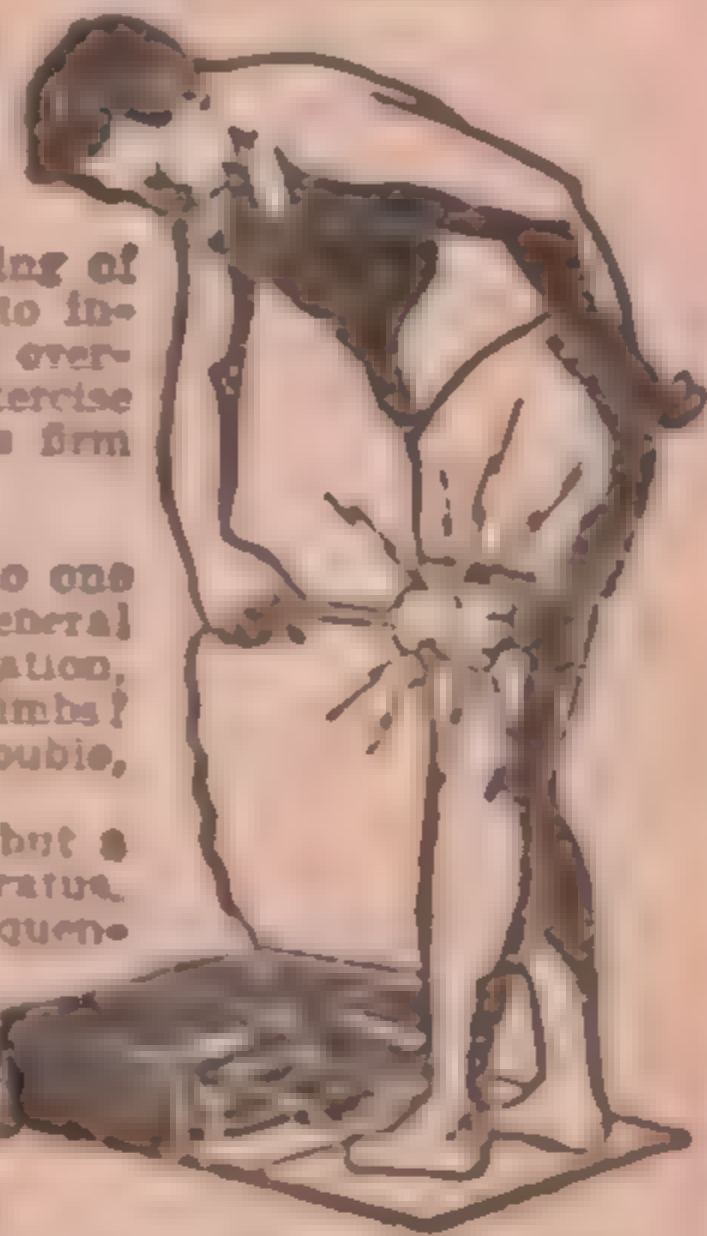
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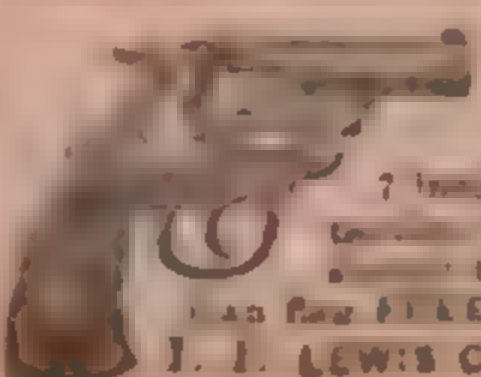
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The biggest reptile in the bunch struck at him from beneath a bench, fastening its fangs in a leg of the watchman's overalls. Leonard sprang on to a small bench, permitting the copperheads to dangle over the side. Realizing that he could not battle the snakes without weapons, he seized the teakettle and began pouring boiling water on the snakes, which were striking at him from all sides.

Leonard then sprang outside with the biggest snake still hanging to his overalls, evidently unable to release its fangs. With a big rock the watchman soon despatched his closest enemy.

It measured thirty-one inches in length and was as thick as a

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The battle continued for about nine minutes, with the cat losing one of its lives every minute. At the beginning of the tenth minute the cat grunted hoarsely and rolled over dead, while the rooster preened himself, neighed in triumph two or three times and then strolled proudly away surrounded by worshipping chickens.

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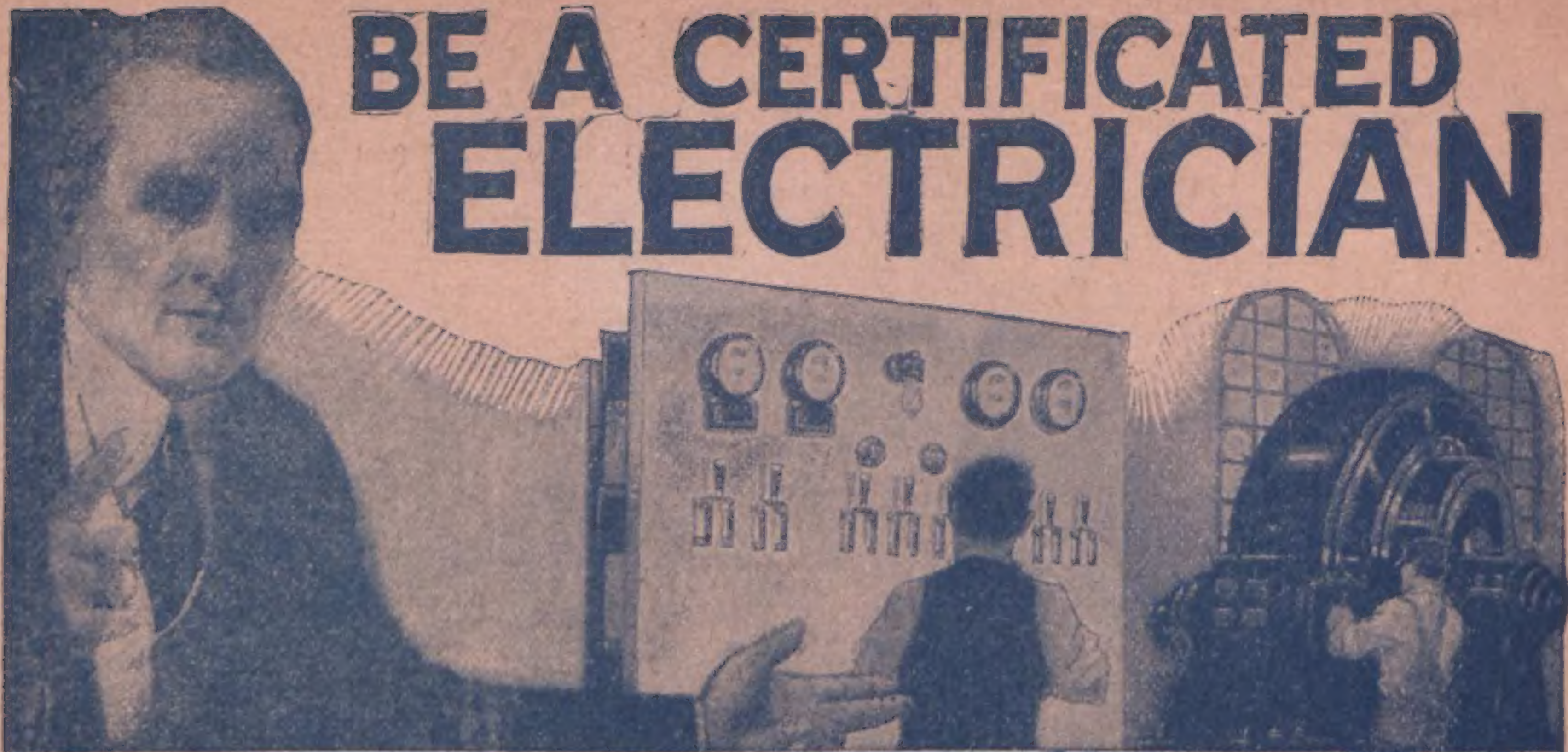
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